Silver screen

EDITED BY
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VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

Silver Screen

EDITED BY RUTH WATERBURY

FEBRUARY NINETEEN THIRTY ONE

LAURA BENHAM
Assistant Editor

JIMMY STARR
Western Representative

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE

MY LIFE - LEW AYRES 12
The Self Told Story of this Brilliant Star

THE RESURRECTION OF LUPE - EDWARD CHURCHILL 15
The Velez Girl Becomes an Artiste

HOLLYWOOD'S RULES FOR LOVE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MARQUIS BUSBY 16
Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper on a Great Subject

THE YOUNG-MAN-ABOUT-HOLLYWOOD - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - JIMMY STARR 18
Laughs from the Cinema Coast

A BAD GIRL MAKES GOOD - RADIE HARRIS 27
Kay Francis Gets Better and Better

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN - - - - - - - - ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER 28
Norma Talmadge Answers Every Woman's Question

THE HOLLYWOOD VENUS - HARRIET PARSONS 30
The Movie Stars Are Lovelier than the Ancient Goddess

CHICKEN, SOUTHERN STYLE - JOHN BYRON 34
Meaning Dorothy Jordan of Dixie

SUCCESS AND CHARLES FARRELL - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - KENNETH MOORE 35
What Fame Has Done to a Great Boy

SUITING THE BOYS - ALLAN JORDAN 36
Hollywood's Tailors Know Lots of Tricks

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ALMA TALLEY 42
Just to Prove How Smart You Are

CLOTHES FOR GIRLS WHO ARE SHORT AND SWEET - - - - - - - - MARIAN NIXON 43
Plus Advice and Shopping Service

SHE THANKS HER LUCKY STARS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - DORA ALBERT 51
Dorothy Arzner Talks About Directing

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

HOW TO PUT ON MAKE-UP - MARY LEE 6
Love and Hisses - 8
MOVIETOWN TOPICS - 11
SILVER SCREEN'S REVIEWING STAND - 38
ASK ME ANOTHER - SALLY FORTH 54
THE FINAL FLING - 66

ART

TWO HOLLYWOOD BABES IN THE WOODS, CLAUDIA DELL AND EVELYN KNAPP - - 19
THE CLOWN WITH THE LAUGHING HEART, JOE E. BROWN - - - - - - - - - - - - 20
ENGLAND'S GIFT TO THE MOVIES, DOROTHY MACKAILL - - - - - - - - - - - - 21
A FLIRTATION FOR TWO, RONALD COLMAN AND MYRNA LOY - - - - - - - - - - 22
THE PERFECT PAGE, ANITA, NATURALLY - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 23
RETURNING IN TRIUMPH, ESTHER RALSTON - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 24
A BEAUTY WITH POISE, LEILA HYAMS - 25
DARK ARISTOCRAT, KAY FRANCIS - 26
PIONEER PERILS, ELEANOR BOARDMAN AND JOHN MACK BROWN - - - - - - - - 46
A FIGHTING IRISHMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 47
BAD MAN, SIMPLY PERFECT, CHESTER MORRIS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 48
PARAMOUNT'S BEAUTIFUL BLONDE, CAROLE LOMBARD - - - - - - - - - - - - 49
GENTLEMAN OF MEXICO, RAMON NOVARRO - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 50

Cover Portrait of Nancy Carroll Painted by John Clarke

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Paul C. Hunter, President; H. C. Olpe, Secretary; E. Philip Wilcox, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, William H. Capelle, Western Manager. Yearly subscriptions $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.25 in Canada; foreign $1.50. Entered as second class matter, November 26, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Dunellen, N. J.
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SPEAKING OF NEXT MONTH

THE PRICE THEY PAY FOR FAME. Next month Marquis Busby, who usually writes with a sly humor, pulls out all the heart throb stops in telling of the pitiful, exorbitant price some of the screen's greatest personalities have paid for their little moments of fame. It is, in our opinion, Mark's best piece of writing and we think you'll find a real message in it.

LAURA BENHAM, our staff charmer, who took Conrad Nagel for a tour around New York, a couple of issues ago, went stepping out with Phillips Holmes recently. Phil took her to dinner, the theatre and a night club and if you want to know how it seems to have a heavy date with a movie star, read Laura's rave called "Holmes, Sweet Holmes."

MITZI GREEN is a current screen sensation. Jackie Coogan has made himself a multi-millionaire. Davey Lee has seen his name in the bright lights. Lucky little kids, those three. What about your own child? Given the breaks, what would happen? Read Edward Churchill's brilliant article, "What Chance Has a Kid in Hollywood?" and you'll get the answer.

HAVE you read the installment of Lew Ayres' life in this issue? Lew continues the story next month. It is an amazing one—particularly amazing in that Lew, in a town where everyone whispers, talks right out and tells what he thinks of supervisors, directors and such.

IT ISN'T YOUR AGE THAT COUNTS —IT'S WHAT YOU CAN DO. That's the provocative title that one of our older stars uses on his story in next month's issue. No, we won't tell you which one. But shoot ten cents on the tenth of next month and see. You'll find the article more than worth it.

Interviews? Of course. Lots of them. A peach of a one with Ralph Forbes on his come-back, for instance, and a grand talk with Grace Moore. Also more rules for love from Hollywood, where they know about love. Plus also Jimmy Starr's Young-Man-About-Hollywood; Mary Lee, writing on Dieting; and half a dozen other features.

And NEW PHOTOGRAPHS! Really quite the most thrilling ones we've run yet.

All in the March SILVER SCREEN, on all news stands February 10th.

Movie girls have make-up experts to glorify them but by reading the rules below you can become an expert in your old home boudoir

How to Make-Up

By
Mary Lee

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING

Mary Lee will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem—skin, hair, eyes, the best colors to wear, the little tricks of personality. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope, for personal replies. Miss Lee's address is in care of Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York.

A GOOD make-up is often supposed to be a secret.

It's no more a secret than a good disposition is a secret. Both take a little work but both are just dandy things to have.

Last month, as I hope you'll remember, I told you how to select the right colors for your most becoming cosmetics and promised that this month I'd tell you how to put them on. (If any of you missed the first article just write me and I'll advise you personally.)

Nothing, of course, so quickly turns you from a plain, drab girl into a real beauty as putting on make-up correctly.

To be just a little wonder you must make a thorough study of your face and contours. Rouge, correctly placed, can do more to change the shape of your face than any plastic surgeon. If your face is too broad or too full, apply rouge high on your cheeks and shade it in toward your nose.

If your face is thin, place the rouge on your cheeks and shade it away from your nose toward your ears, but don't let it touch the hollows in your face as it will only accentuate them.

If your face is too long apply rouge high on your cheek bones and shade it upward toward your temples. If you've got dimples put a tiny touch of rouge on them and they will be more charming.

Don't rouge high cheek bones. Put a little color beneath them and their prominence will disappear.

If your face is oval simply apply the rouge at the spots where your natural color comes.

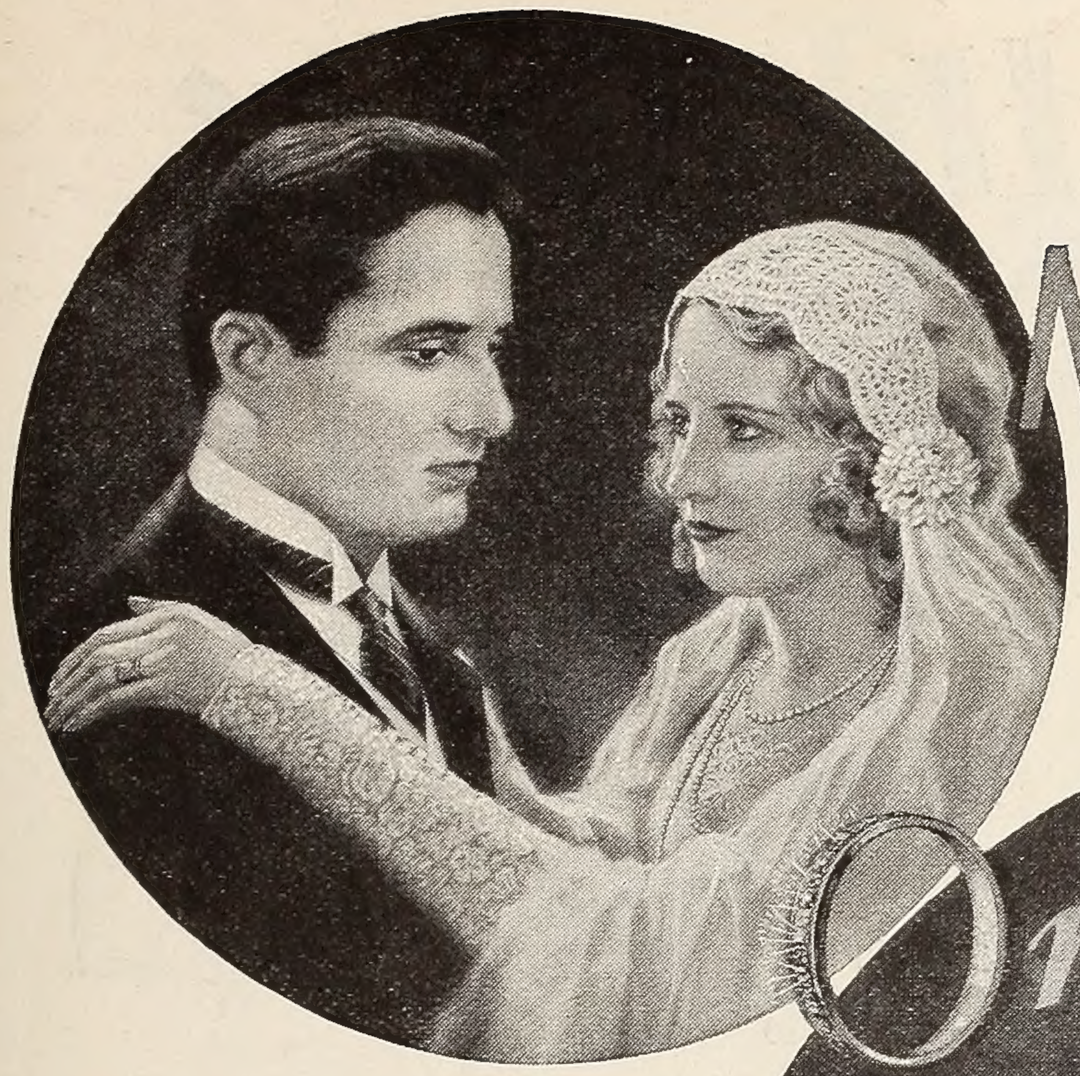
But whatever shape your face is, always apply your rouge with an upward and outward motion shading it carefully so that it doesn't leave sharp outlines, for nothing is worse than that.

As a girl who has studied lots of faces, to me the real secret of a good make-up is to use a paste rouge under your powder and a little dry rouge on top of it. I have tried this method for a long time and I've never had it fail me yet. And it makes for a make-up that doesn't vanish with the first dance.

I don't suppose I have to tell you to make-up under hard bright lights for evening and in sunlight for daytime beauty. That's just as imperative as water to flowers. And also, do wrap a clean, soft towel around your hair so it won't get all powdery and so that you'll see your face without any shadows or softness.

Start with your face absolutely clean. If you're dry skinned rub in a little cold cream so that the paste rouge will apply easily. Naturally, if you're oily skinned you wouldn't need to do this. Then put on your paste rouge as I've told you above. Next rouge your mouth and please be careful to see that your lip rouge is one shade lighter—not darker, than the natural color of your lips.

If you've got a small mouth, rouge it to the corners. If you have a thin mouth, accentuate the centers of your upper and lower lips slightly. If your mouth is too large make up the center of your lips only. Full lips should be very lightly made up. But whatever you do don't make your mouth look artificial. All [*Continued on page* 55]



MARRIED LOVE

OR ILLICIT

Which—

DOES THE MODERN GIRL PREFER?

SAFETY in marriage or daring adventures in stolen love? What is the real truth about this modern generation's attitude toward the once sacred convention of marriage? "ILLICIT" tells, frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of *experimenting* with love.

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CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • JAMES RENNIE • RICARDO CORTEZ • JOAN BLONDELL • NATALIE MOOREHEAD

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

Based on the play by

Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin

DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

LOVE AND HISSES!!

THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize; $10 Second and $5 Third.

Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE

New York City.

I OFTEN read of the temporary relief movies afford the harassed, the over-burdened souls who live more in the shadow than in the light. I have had similar experiences, but I wish to speak of the "extension work" of cheer that the movies make possible through the movie-magazines. I can see my favorite star in the theatre perhaps once a month. But, thanks to the movie magazines in general and SILVER SCREEN in particular, I am able to have the face of that star before me always—and to learn facts of his life which enable me to understand the depths of his acting.

On those thirty other nights of the month I find the almost life-size portrait of my star instills in me the necessary courage and pervades my room with the glamour and spiritual communion that is every bit as important to life as food, clothes and a dwelling.

Phyllis-Marie Arthur

TALKIE PRAISE

Kansas City, Mo.

THE talkies have brought much more real entertainment to the public than the silent screen ever did. Better acting and more charming personalities.

It has been written and remarked by many people that the talkies have pushed out those with nothing but personality. On the contrary! A likable or brilliant personality is the prime requisite of a star.

True, they must have some acting talent or tricks to perform, but they aren't all good ones. Some sing—some dance—perhaps indifferently well, but, whether good or indifferent, it's the jolly old personality that puts it over. For instance, if Maurice Chevalier didn't have the personality he has, his voice alone would never carry him to great heights. But, how everyone loves to see him!

Ethel Pierce

A HISS FOR CLARA

Cranston, R. I.

CLARA BOW, who ever said she was good? Why, she's just like a big, wild, woolly thing from Africa who thinks she's the most highly honored person that ever entered the movies. How any one could fall in love with her is beyond me, yet such things are accomplished.

Commy Shore

SECOND PRIZE

St. Louis, Mo.

WHY the producers insist upon making these old mystery thrillers over, such as "The Gorilla" and "Phantom of the Opera", etc., I certainly cannot understand. Pictures like these, while popular when first produced, were certainly no super-specials and as the screen is a medium which should advance, there is very little reason for the dusting-off of such antiques. The people of today want to see something intelligent and artistically acted. I realize that while you possibly cannot have pictures such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" every day, you may at least see others which are not so insipid as "Heads Up" and "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

So here's hoping that we will see more pictures like "Old English", "Anybody's Woman" and "Manslaughter", the latter while being a remake deserves the distinction because of its excellent material and the superb acting.

Esther M. Brewer.

HERE'S A WISE GIRL

Springfield, Ill.

MAY I thank the stars for one great service they render the little working girls of the world who manipulate a typewriter for their eighteen per week, or a little more? It isn't the romance and glamour alone that helps so much as the splendid ideas of charm, refinement and beauty which they convey. How much we can learn from such lovable girls as Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian, Anita Page and Joan Crawford. Certainly any girl can be happy and have many friends if she patterns her life after her favorites.

Doris L. Perkinton

TALKIE HISSES

Pen Argyle, Pa.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is absolutely right! Bring back the silents! After you enjoy some wonderful talkies, after all is said and done, the talkie with its ready-made music cannot hold a candle to the silent picture with its organ or orchestra in the pit.

What, I ask you, is more glorious than to see a lovely romance unfold on the silent screen and at the same time thrill to the wonderful music supplied by a living orchestra right before your eyes. That's recreation. That's relaxation. That's life!

J. Wasso, Jr.,

THIRD PRIZE

Newtonville, Mass.

HURRAH for the picture stealers! There are several grand ones on the loose and they are walking blithely away with pictures—right under the noses of some of the biggest stars. And before I go any farther I must mention Marie Dressler as a perfect example. She came as near giving the great Garbo a run for her money in "Anna Christie" as anyone ever has or probably ever will. She bolstered up poor Rudy Vallee in his one attempt at motion picture art.

Then there's that awfully nice, generally pickled Charles Ruggles. Clara Bow is his latest victim.

And of course I must not forget the arch-thief of them all—Wally Beery. He decided that "The Big House" was his oyster, and proceeded to open it with great skill. More recently, he nearly swamped John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor", with the help of that precious concertina, which he was at such pains to keep dry in the midst of the worst storm in movie history.

I'm for the picture stealers. Please don't anyone make them stars—that would spoil everything!

G. Kenison

TO THE ELDERS

Montclair, N. J.

BEFORE I start this letter just allow me to say that I'm not going to hand anybody the grand-slam. Constructive criticism is one thing, but downright ridicule and barbed epithets hurt rather than help.

Don't think I have anything against the younger set, because I haven't, and I realize there are a lot of real actors and actresses among them, and recognize them as such. But I prefer those of the old school.

I get more real satisfaction and pleasure out of seeing the suave and polished Clive Brook, playing opposite a finished artist like Ruth Chatterton, than anything else I know of.

Or William Powell, dashing and handsome, with a leading lady like Kay Francis.

Then there are the Barrymores, Fairbanks, Costellos and Bennetts, all superlative exponents of the art of motion pictures.

Taken as a whole, the favorites of years past are still favorites, as the box-office receipts show.

So, let's hear from any other of the fans who feel as I do about the above stars. And let us hope that these and other stars of the old school may continue to shine brightly.

Lauren C. Rea

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

OUR DICK!

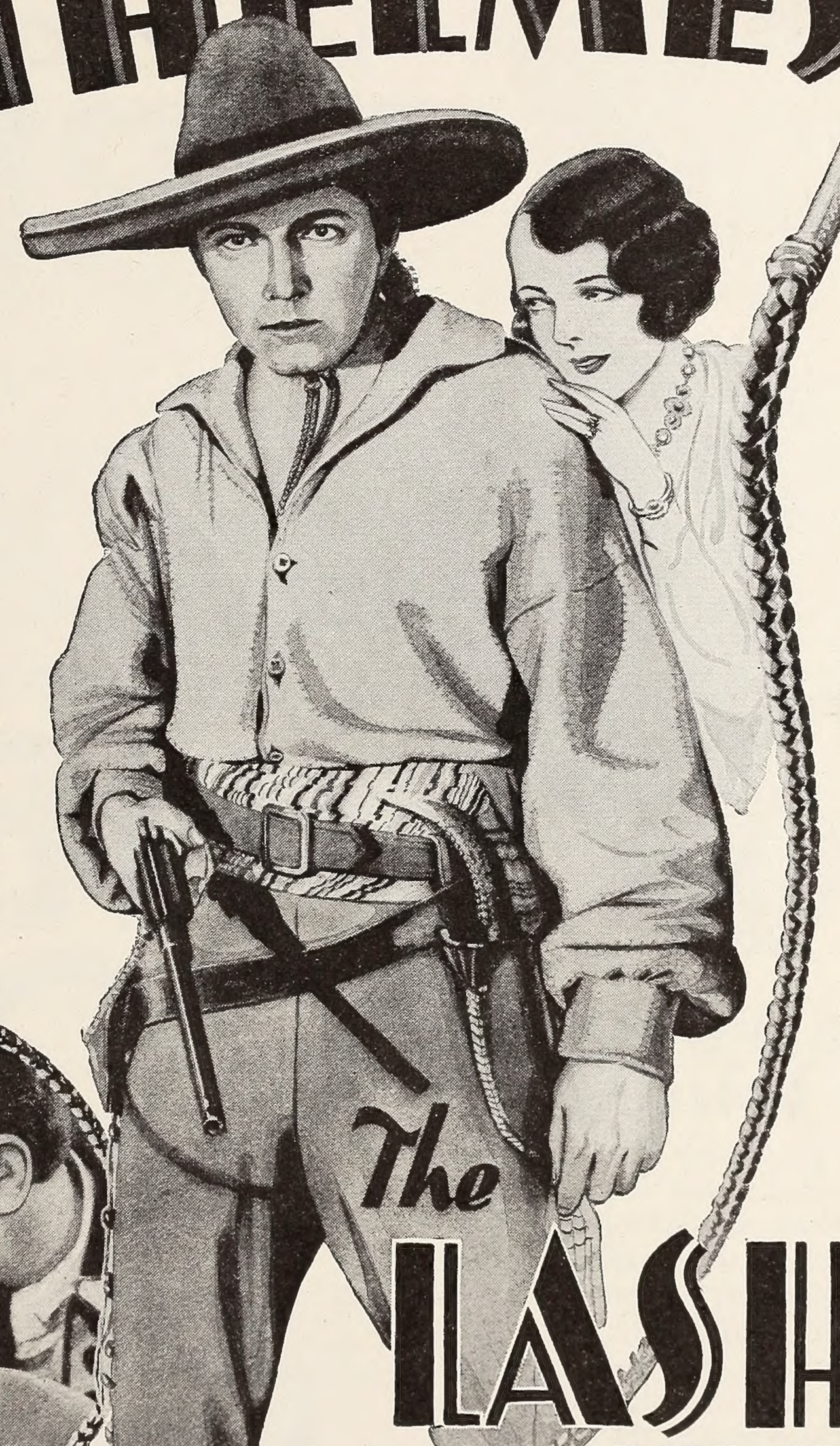
—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol.*

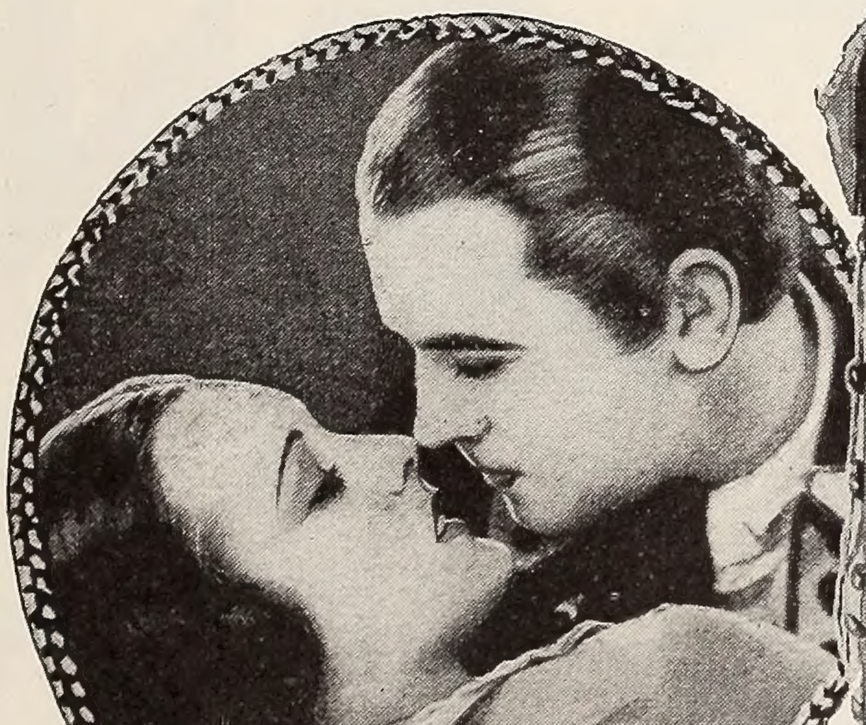
—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!





The LASH

MARY ASTOR
MARIAN NIXON
FRED KOHLER
JAMES RENNIE

Based upon the story "Adios" by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Screen Version by Bradley King

A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture
REG. TRADE MARK

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER IN ONE PICTURE! *The most amazing combination of world famous stars ever brought to the screen!*

Lawrence TIBBETT

and Grace

MOORE

IN THE YEAR'S TOWERING TALKIE ACHIEVEMENT

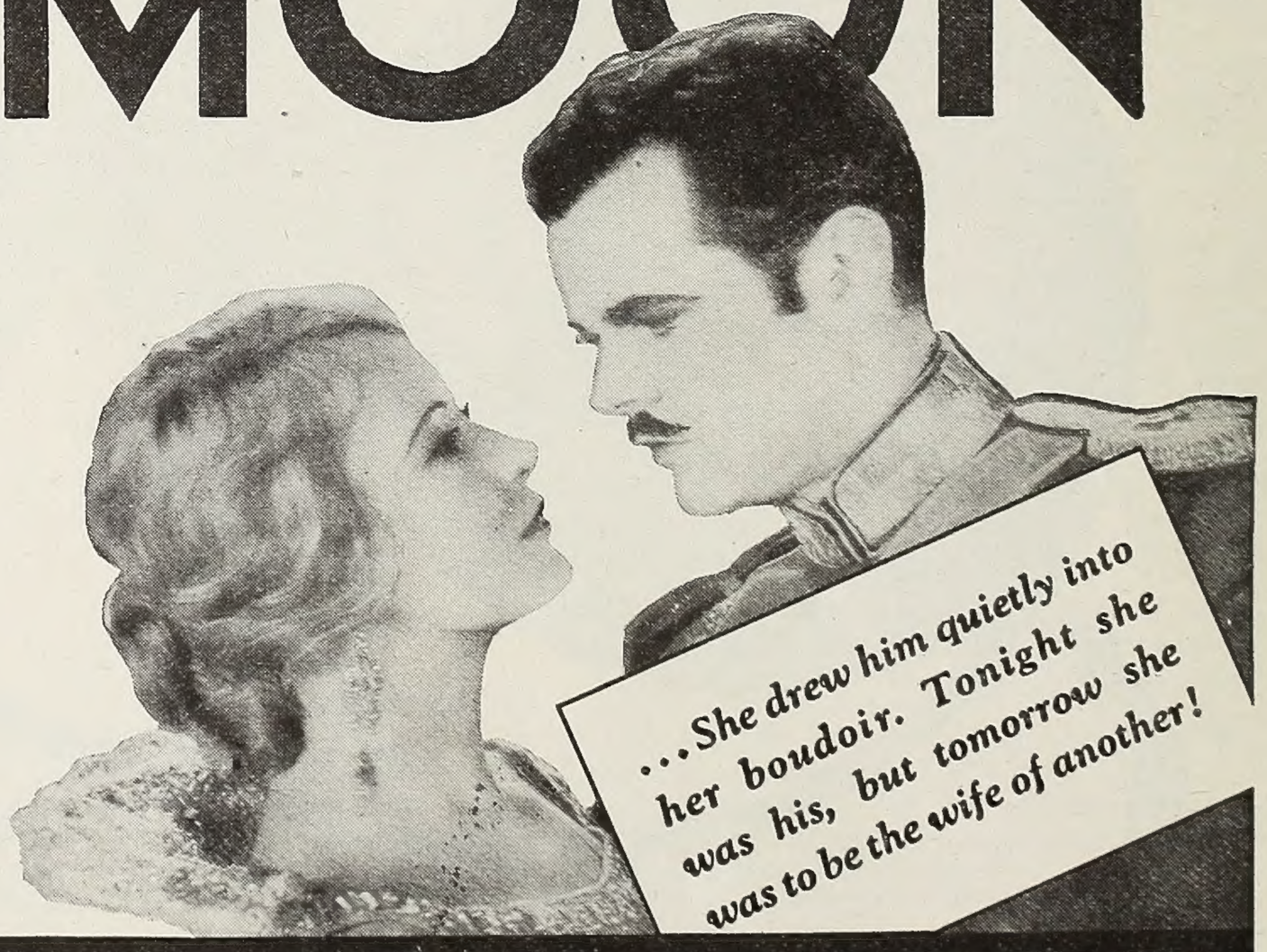
"NEW MOON"

with

ADOLPH MENJOU and Roland Young

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

DAME RUMOR and all her little sisters have been phoning the folks that the Lawrence Tibbetts aren't hitting it off in proper married fashion.

Lawrence sings a heavy song of denial and so does the Mrs.—but she's visiting Paris, and they do get divorces in France.

* * *

LOUELLA PARSONS tells the best Garbo story of all. It seems they wanted to get new pictures of Garbo on the M-G-M lot and their most diplomatic press agent was assigned to the task.

"But," remonstrated Miss Garbo, "You already have hundreds of pictures of me. Why should you want more?"

"Well," said the diplomatic press agent, "all of your best pictures have been used by Paramount to exploit Marlene Deitrich."

"All right," said Garbo, "I'll come."

* * *

THREE years ago Colleen Moore was sitting on the top of the world. She had popularity, fame, adulation, and love. Voted the most popular feminine star by the exhibitors of the country, beloved by many friends, happily married to a man she adored and who adored her.

Today, Colleen is ill in a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. She is out of pictures, a victim of the microphone. A fickle public has turned thumbs down on her gallant effort to "come back" via the stage. And John McCormick, her recently divorced husband, whom, rumor has it she still loves, has announced his imminent marriage to another woman.

The world looks on and wonders.

Miss Moore married McCormick in 1923, when she was first getting a foothold in pictures and when he was just branching from publicity into managerial fields. They scaled the heights together, Colleen the actress, McCormick the brilliant producer and executive.

They were pointed out as one of Hollywood's truly congenial couples.

Gradually it became obvious that things were not going so well in the Moore-McCormick menage. And one morning a startled public learned that divorce papers had been filed.

An ironical twist is that Mae Clarke, the future Mrs. McCormick, stage and screen actress, usually portrays the deserted wife in her films. In real life she recently divorced Lew Brice, brother of Fannie, on grounds of gambling and incompatibility.

* * *

NOW we know what makes romance on the screen! Nothing but the seductive little cigarette, my dears.

Paramount has decreed that its up-and-coming young hero, Freddie March, must eschew stogies in the future, in favor of the graceful substitute for a sweet. That, according to *Variety* is romance—that is Art!

* * *

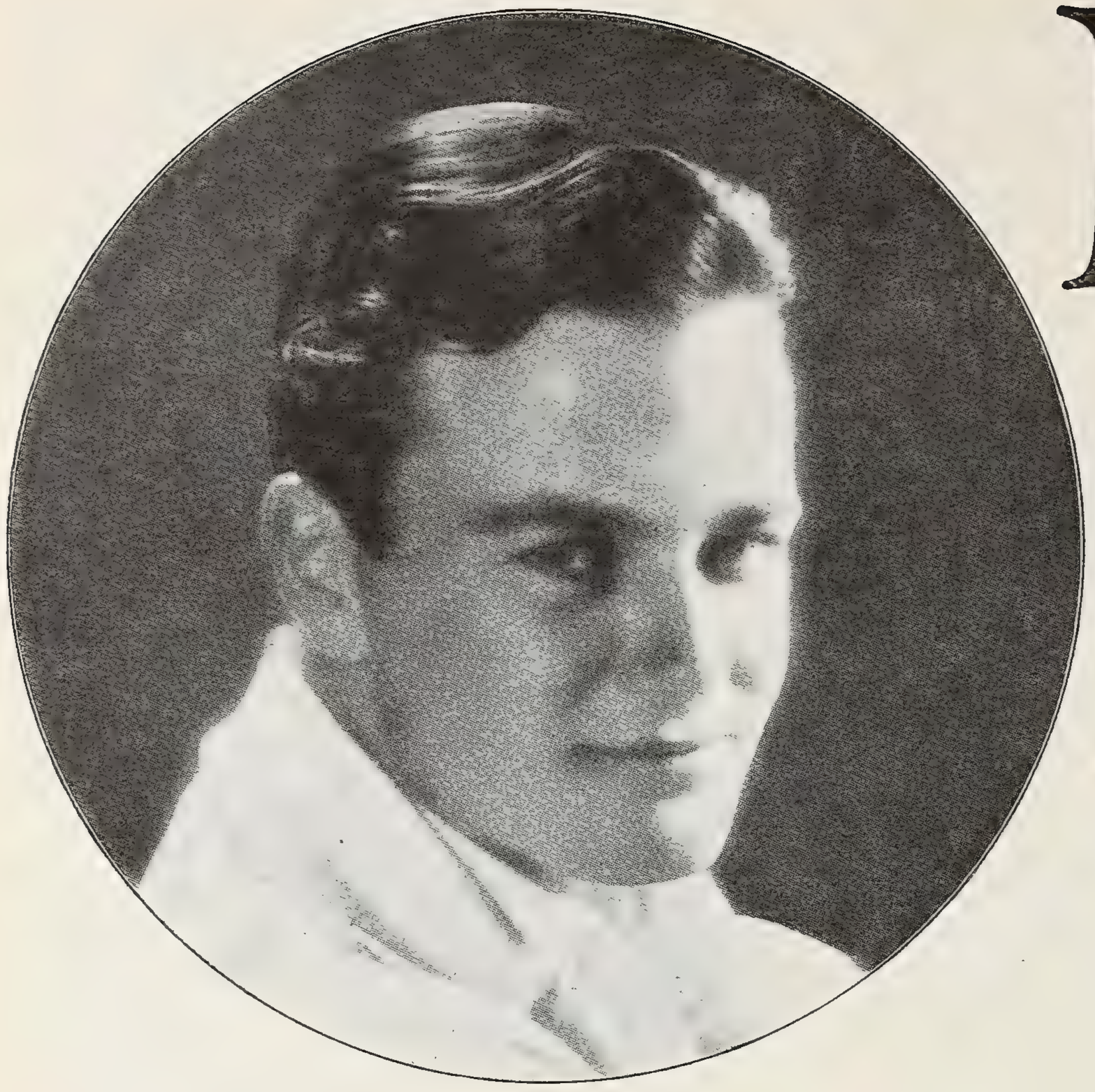
ROBERT Z. LEONARD, rotund, eminent, and highly successful director of "The Divorcee", was stopped the other day on the "lot" by Cecil De Mille.

De Mille handed him a faded program, discovered in research for "The Squaw Man", which will be his next talkie.

It scheduled the cast of a stock performance of "The Squaw Man", with Forrest Stanley in the male lead. Way, way down, in a lost list of "Jim Carston's cowpunchers", in pica type, was the name, "Robert Z. Leonard".

"Ah," commented the portly Mr. Leonard, "That was in the days when horses didn't mind it when they saw me coming."

[*Continued on page 32*]



My

Two Years Ago—Friendless, Penniless and Unknown. Today a Star, Feted and Adored. Here, in His Own Words, Are Revealed those Qualities of Courage and Stamina that have Gone into Creating Hollywood's most Amazing Young Actor

I WAS born in Minneapolis on December 28, 1908. My parents happened to be living there at the time with my grandmother out on Thirty-fourth Street.

My grandmother spoiled me, like all grandmothers do, I guess. She is quite an accomplished musician and spent a lot of time trying to teach me to play the piano. She succeeded in instilling a love of music and sense of harmony in me. The piano lessons themselves, however, never came to much.

Somehow it's gotten about that I can play almost any musical instrument, but I can't. I learned to strum a banjo and guitar well enough to land jobs in orchestras but I'd never cause Paderewski any worry.

Yet this musical background is what started me on a career and kept me going when things were pretty black.

When I was about eight years old my parents were divorced. There was no scandal of any sort—they just didn't get on. The court played mother a dirty trick and awarded me to her.

Eventually she re-married. She felt if she could get away from Minneapolis and its painful memories her life would be happier. So we moved to San Diego and I started to school there.

Then, when I was about ten, I was bitten by the movie bug! I can't tell you how it all happened. At the time, reasons didn't matter, but as I look back it seems as though even then I felt the need for expression of some sort.

We all have crises in our lives but the approach—the build-up to them, is so gradual that when we reach the the crisis it doesn't seem like one. No matter what tragedy is impending, there are unimportant and irrelevant things going on, happening to you at the same time, that rob the situation of its dramatic value.

I was born in Minneapolis with a face like a full moon and an intense desire, after my tenth birthday, to be an actor

But acting such situations out fills some inner need in us, or possibly I should say in me. At any rate, I think that's why I went into pictures. Some people are satisfied simply to dream their emotional climaxes. In my case, dreams were not enough.

I didn't dare tell anyone about my ambition. My nickname in those days was "Fats" because my face looked like a full moon. If I had said anything about going into the polite movies I'd have been "guyed" and kidded beyond endurance.

I had a half-brother and half-sister. Probably wishing to safeguard them from my baleful influence, mother and

LIFE— Lew Seiler

as told to S. R. Mook

my stepfather shipped me off to the University of Arizona when I was sixteen.

I got into the college orchestra. There were a bunch of us in that orchestra who felt that school was more or less a waste of time. We wanted to see Life. We thirsted for adventure. We were sick of doing the same old things.

Anyhow, we organized our own little band, left school and drifted down toward the border. Our first engagement was in Mexico in a place called Agua Prieta.

From there we drifted all over the southwest—down to other border towns—Mexicali, Nogales, El Centro, Tia Juana. You see life in those places without any of its trappings. No sham — no pretense — just cold reality. The men who came in came to drink—or gamble—or love. The girls who worked in them were there to get the men to spend their money—on drinks—on gambling—on love. The men were a hard lot but the girls were harder.

I was seventeen and soon I hadn't an illusion left in the world. Maybe that's been a good thing for me. If you have ideals and lose them it causes heartache.

After a time the work petered out so we disbanded and I went back to San Diego and my family. I worked around there for awhile—sometimes in orchestras, sometimes at other jobs. But at seventeen, with the experiences of a man of thirty who has lived *hard*, I had outgrown the boys I knew, though I didn't realize it. I only knew that I didn't find them congenial any more. Our viewpoint and outlook on life was different.

While I was still drifting—working in one of the San Diego hotels, Henry (Hank) Halstead and his orchestra arrived to play a dinner engagement and a late engagement. To us in San Diego he was as important as Whiteman or Olson to some Eastern city. One night his banjoist got drunk and I filled in for him. Halstead liked my work and gave me the place regularly and I went to Los Angeles with him.

We had an engagement at the Plantation. And it was during the daytime of this engagement that we made, I think, the first Vitaphone records of a jazz orchestra. But Warner Brothers were so hard up at the time they told us we'd have to wait for our money, and just at that moment our engagement at the Plantation came to an end. We had nothing before us, so we disbanded.

I was right where movies are made. I knew I wanted to get in them. But I didn't know how to go about it. The thought of going up to a casting director and asking for work sent cold chills through me. I couldn't do it. But I hung around Hollywood and Los Angeles trying to get into another orchestra, hoping in that way some director would see me or that I'd meet someone in pictures who could—and would—introduce me around. That shows you how little I knew about it.

I had saved about fifty dollars and another chap and I were living together. We were both out of work for three or four months and we lived on that fifty and what little he had. My mother kept writing me to come home.

But I hung on, thinking of that seventy dollars coming from Warner Brothers for those Vitaphone records and thinking, "I'll get something tomorrow sure." Finally we were down to fifteen cents a day for the two of us. We lived on apples and buns and things like that—things we could get a lot of for the money.

It sounds theatrical but it's a fact that the day we hadn't a cent left I got my seventy bucks. We'd planned long before I got it how long we could make it last, but when we got our hands on it do you know what we did? We blew it all in in two days. We ate until we couldn't swallow, we had a couple of dates and a swell time generally.

I still had my wreck of a car from the time I had worked in the orchestra. When I woke up the third morning and realized I was broke again, with no more chance of getting work than I'd had right along, I got so disgusted I got into the car and drove home to San Diego. I never should have done that.

When I got down there I realized how weak I'd been to give up. If you really set your heart on a thing I think you should stick to your purpose at any and all costs. I was never happy at home that time because always in the back of my mind was the thought that I had no business being there—I should be in Los Angeles.

I had no trouble getting work in San Diego—it's my home and I can always get work there. I played in the

Dear Miss Waterbury:

Just to OK the attached installment of "My Life" and to say that it is entirely accurate.

Incidentally, this gives me a chance to express my appreciation and thank you for the perfectly swell "break" you're giving me.

With best wishes and kindest regards. I am

Very Sincerely

Lew Seiler

Here I am, second from the left in the lower row of our barnstorming jazz band. When we drifted into the cheap cafes of the Mexican border towns, they called me Baby Face. I let them talk. I was only seventeen but I hadn't an illusion left in the world

orchestra in the Coronado and U.S. Grant Hotels.

Then Hank Halstead reorganized his orchestra and phoned me. So I came back to Los Angeles and joined him. We opened the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. But business was not so hot and they decided, after a month or so, to dispense with the music.

Hank got us booked in Detroit, playing the Addison Hotel. What an engagement! Every night in the week from 6:45 P. M. to 2:00 A. M. and not a night off. We were there about four months and the only night we had off during that entire time was the night before we left. That engagement decided me more firmly than ever. I wanted to go into pictures and get out of orchestra work.

I HAD been getting $120 a week in Detroit and I had saved three or four hundred. I came back to Los Angeles with a definite plan in my mind. I got a job with Ray West's orchestra at El Patio. Then I spent every cent of my savings on clothes. I wanted a wardrobe. Well, I got it.

The mornings were spent in canvassing the studios, the nights in playing in the orchestra.

The job lasted a month and then the band broke up. West wanted me to go on another job with him—out of town—but I wouldn't. I had saved up a little more money and it seemed to me it was then or never that I was to break into the movies.

I was determined to make my money last as long as possible and got a room with a private family. By that time I had become fairly well-known around Los Angeles and had a lot of jobs offered me to play in bands.

Isn't it funny? A year before I had almost starved to death trying to get work in orchestras and had put the movies in the back of my mind. Then, when I decided to let the orchestras go and concentrate on crashing the movies I had a lot of jobs offered me, playing. That's the way it goes, I guess.

Finally, I goaded myself to the point of going around to the casting offices. I just went and looked on for several days to see how they went about it. Beyond a few musicians I didn't know a soul in Hollywood. Not a person in pictures to put me wise—not even an extra.

I found applicants always went into the outer office and wrote on a little card: "Mr. So-and-So to see Mr. Blank."

The first studio I went to was Paramount. I got into Mr. Datig's office after a time. He was the casting director. He was very nice and told me I'd be good in pictures and they would give me a test. I went out with my head in the clouds. As far as I was concerned the battle was over. I was as good as in pictures.

My inclination was to sit back and wait for the call for my test but my money was going fast, so I went around to several other studios. The casting directors were all very nice and told me I ought to be good in pictures, but none of those studios were doing much so they didn't hold out much hope for a test at the time.

The family I was living with didn't charge me much for my room and board and when my money ran out they let it mount up with the understanding that I'd pay them as soon as I got work.

All during the time I was trying to break into pictures—from the time I left Ray West's orchestra for almost a year, even after I finally got a contract—I used to go to bed every night at ten o'clock. And during that entire year I never had a single date. I felt I *must* have plenty of sleep so I'd look my best in the morning when I started making the rounds of the casting offices.

I even cut out drinking coffee and tea and wouldn't touch anything stronger than milk or water. It seems silly now, but I have never been so much in earnest about anything in my life as I was about getting into the movies and nothing was too small nor too irrelevant for me to consider its bearing on my future.

I FELT I ought to have exercise to keep fit. But I couldn't play tennis or golf because I had no money. So every afternoon about five o'clock I'd go over to Fairfax High School and run around the track for a mile or so. All *that* cost was the effort.

One afternoon when things were about as black as they get I wandered into the Roosevelt Hotel. They were having their Saturday tea dance [*Continued on page* 60]

The Resurrection of LUPE

Lupe, reel one. Note her calm beauty

Lupe, later, with beauty replaced by emotion

One Great Role Has Awakened the Wild Little Mexican Girl to Her Own Genius

By

Edward Churchill

LUPE, the hoyden!
Lupe, the clown!
Lupe, the laughing, the seductive, the enticing!

The Lupe Velez of other days, strumming a ukelele in Charlie Chase comedies.

Charming Lupe, who captivated Doug Fairbanks and a million others with her antics in "The Gaucho".

This was the Lupe Velez I expected to see when I wandered onto Stage 19 at Universal City to see the basso-voiced, dynamic Edwin Carewe run her through a complete assortment of emotions in "Resurrection", to him the play of plays.

What, I reasoned, could have made Carewe, one of the most astute of all directors, choose the temperamental, clowning, uncontrolled and uncontrollable little Lupe for one of the greatest and most trying of all dramatic parts?

How could the wild little Mexican, with her Mexican accent and her Latin mannerisms, handle such a role?

I found Carewe pleading with Lupe on the darkened stage. I lounged back in the shadows and they were unaware of my presence.

"Now, Lupe—just once more. Once more, and then you can rest—" was Carewe's plea.

There was a tremendous kick there in the dim light watching the gray-haired director, who has memorized the immortal part of Katusha Maslova—who has lived in his mind the life of the peasant girl who gave herself to a prince, who became a woman of the streets and who finally said farewell to her lover and marched into Siberia, a broken woman.

There also was a thrill in watching the gray-faced Lupe Velez as this Maslova, a scar across her cheek, cotton stockings on her legs, ragged slippers on her feet and the gray, shoddy cloak from a Russian prison hiding the contours of her slim, young body.

Here was not the Lupe I knew!

"Once more, Lupe—just once more—"

And then Lupe, the former hoyden of the screen, in the deep, hoarse contralto of the woman whose life she lives, repeated her lines—

"Give me music—I want to dance—I want to forget—"

There was a catch in the voice. I studied the small, strained face. Lupe Velez was crying! Tears streamed down her cheeks. She was unmindful of them. She went to her director.

"I know now, Eddie. I can do it. I *will* do it."

An hour later, seizing a few moments of precious rest, she said to me:

"I don't care whether or not I end up in a sanitarium, as long as I can make good in this part. I don't care if it kills me."

Her voice told the story of nights and days of tremendous physical and mental exertion.

"What's happened to you?" I asked. "I thought I was going to see a comic and here you are, crying your eyes out, as if you were attending a funeral. You're not the old Lupe."

"Have you read 'Resurrection'?" she countered.

I nodded an affirmative.

"Well, if you were a woman, you'd understand better. The truth is that I can't think of Katusha Maslova without crying. I used to have to force myself to cry when the occasion demanded. Now, I picture Maslova and that's all I need.

"I've never cared for any part I've had before. Not even that wild one I played with Doug Fairbanks in 'The Gaucho'. Those other parts were easy. They didn't affect me. I was myself. Now, I'm Maslova. I'm suffering terrific agony. I've been hurting inside for weeks. And yet, with all the hurt, I love what I'm doing."

She smiled wistfully. [*Continued on page* 59]

HOLLYWOOD'S Joan Crawford

The Bride

Does Every Woman Yearn for Romance? Joan Crawford Expresses the Eternal Feminine Wish and Tells What Women Love in Men

"FIRST of all and above everything else in the world, a woman loves manliness in a man. Without that there cannot be love. A woman may pity the weakling. She may even believe she loves him, but deep down in her heart she knows that pity is a poor relation to love.

"I don't think that I am a clinging vine. I have had to make my own way in the world, but I like to feel that a man can take care of me if necessary. I want him to be a bulwark of strength if the occasion arises. I want him to be strong, but tender; brave but gentle.

"Tenderness is a wonderful quality in a man. There's such a lot of difference between just being understanding and being tender. The understanding man may sympathize with your little trials. He knows what you face, but how much more it means if a little tenderness is mixed with that understanding. It gives you courage to go on when you think you are at the breaking point.

"Women need more tenderness today than ever before. A generation ago they were so busy with the things that went to make their every-day life. They had large families. They cooked and washed and sewed. They wanted tenderness, of course, but they were too busy really to yearn for it. Today women have more time. They are more independent of the things that tied them to the home. Now they need those little attentions if the happiest relations between a man and woman are to continue through the years.

"When we were in school we learned that cleanliness was next to godliness. Perhaps as a child I doubted it, but now I know that it is true. In a man cleanliness is a greater quality than any physical beauty or charm he may possess. A woman admires the well-groomed man. He doesn't have to be manicured every day and he doesn't have to be fussy about his clothes, but he should always be neat. The linen should be spotless and the scarf tied carefully. The English men know how to achieve that—the effect of being carelessly well-groomed.

"I know that a woman who is not careful about her own appearance cannot expect neatness in a man. But a woman who keeps powder on her nose is not likely

[*Cont. on page* 56]

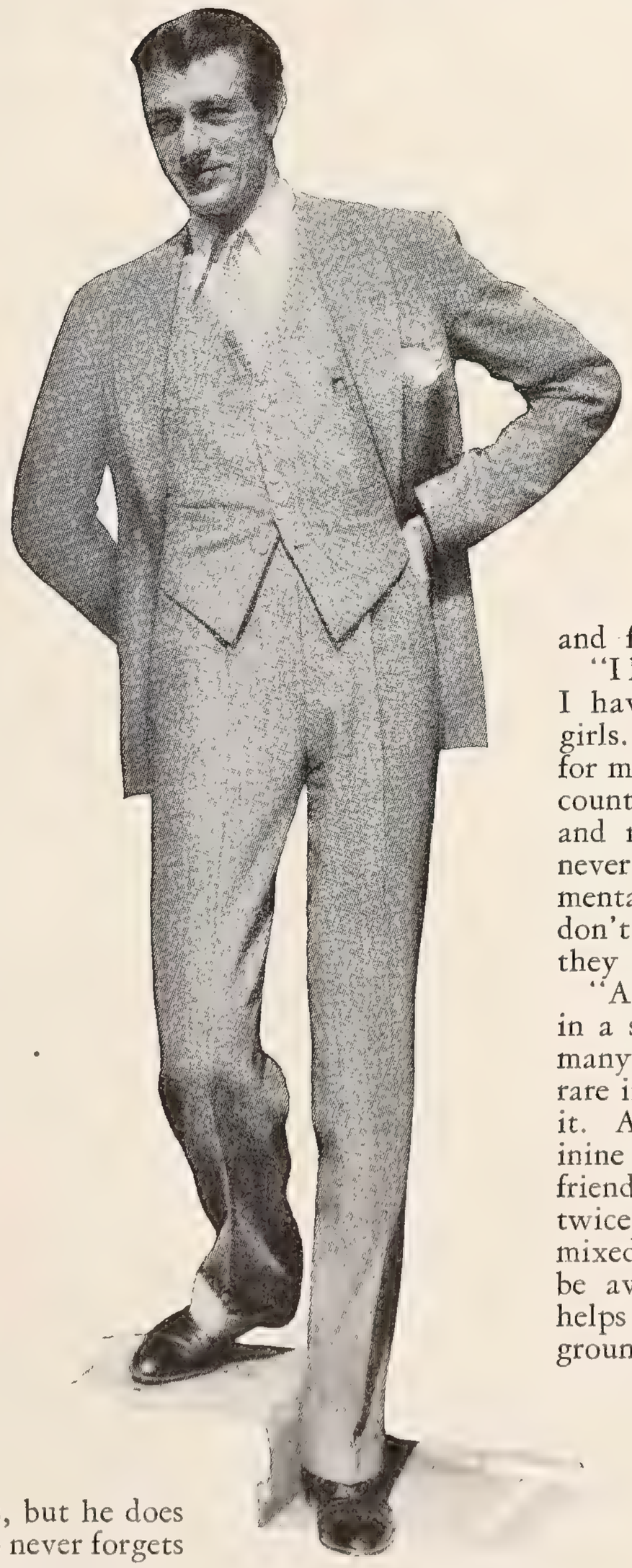
By Marquis

RULES *for* LOVE

Gary Cooper

The Bachelor

Do the Qualities Men Love Vary Deeply from those Women Adore? Gary Cooper thinks they Do. Learn about Women and Love from Him



"PERHAPS my viewpoint on what a man looks for in a woman has changed to some extent during the years I have been in pictures. I think, instead, of the qualities I admire in women who make their living by acting for the films. But, at that, the finest qualities in a successful actress would be just as admirable in a woman who makes her living by stenography, or a girl who doesn't work at all. There are certain things that every man looks for in a woman.

"To me, neatness is more important than anything else. No matter how slovenly a man may be in his appearance, he expects a woman to be neat. She doesn't have to be dressed in the height of fashion or spend a fortune on her clothes, but he does expect an air of smartness. The woman who never forgets that doesn't run much risk of losing her man.

"Sometimes I think it is impossible for anyone to keep a sane, normal viewpoint in the motion picture business. For that reason, all the more, I admire a woman who has a level head. Intelligence is mighty important in Hollywood. It comes in pretty handy no matter where you are living, for that matter. I can excuse the upstage air in a woman more readily than I can in a man. You expect a man to be stronger, but it is a disagreeable quality in anyone. I have a lot of respect for the woman who doesn't lose sight of true values and who takes all the adulation and fame with a grain of salt.

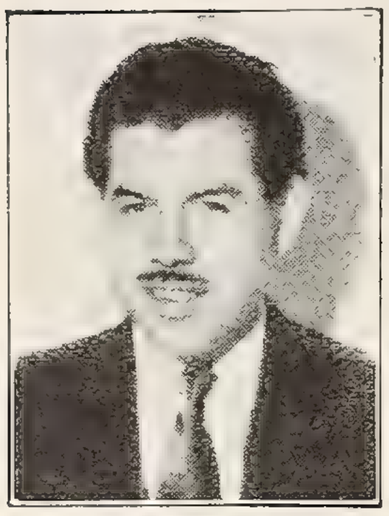
"I love intelligence in a woman. I have always hated the ga-ga girls. They're a pain in the neck for me. Once or twice I have encountered sweetness so genuine and real in a woman that I've never thought that she was no mental giant. There are girls who don't exactly scintillate, and yet they aren't ga-ga.

"A woman has a priceless gift in a sense of humor. I've heard many times that this quality is rare in a woman. I don't believe it. A sense of humor can be feminine as well as masculine. Any friendship or romance will last twice as long if a little humor is mixed in. A lot of pitfalls will be avoided. A sense of humor helps to keep your feet on the ground and your head out of the clouds.

"Every man looks for certain womanly qualities in a woman. He wants her to be a homemaker, even if after they're married they live in a one-room apartment and take their meals at the corner delicatessen. I admire the domestic side of a woman and I don't believe I have ever known a woman who didn't possess it. I have known girls who have worked [*Continued on page* 56]

Busby

Jimmy Starr



The Young-Man-About-Hollywood

HOWDY, folks—well, here we are in the land of make-believe. In fact, everybody's on the *make—believe* me.

* * *

I don't like to talk about the office force, but Harriet Parsons, who writes interviews and things for this magazine, has been galloping around places with Edward Woods, handsome juvenile of the screen.

* * *

I see by the city papers that Alice Brady had her leg in a cast.

Ye gods, another leg show!

* * *

One actor in Hollywood gave all the film critics cigarette lighters for Christmas.

They were filled with anti-knock gasoline.

* * *

Heavens! Maybe I'm an Edison or a Marconi, who knows?

At least, I've turned inventor.

I've found a great saving for motion picture studios.

Option paint!

This option paint is to be used for printing names on doors in studios. It automatically disappears after six months, thus saving the cost of a man to remove the names of players, directors and writers who are no longer with the studio.

* * *

Official report:

All bets have been paid off by the losers who wagered that Clara Bow would marry Harry Richman.

The star of a big studio went to a hospital and the publicity director announced that the visit was for an appendicitis operation.

Folks remembered it was her third this year.

The press agent isn't with us any more.

* * *

Re-vamping an old gag.

Like Grant (Withers) took Loretta (Young).

* * *

A young society matron got a big laugh at a dinner party in Hollywood the other night.

She said quite seriously to her butler:

"James, dear, please pass the potatoes."

* * *

Oh, girls—blushes numerous!

Robert Montgomery's dressing room at M-G-M has the color motif of Nile Green.

Don't you turn something or other with envy?

* * *

Zion Myers and Jules White, directors of the dog comedies, were forced to stop production the other day.

Their star had the mange!

* * *

Hollywood isn't a sleepy town, but forty winks from an extra girl to a studio boss are apt to make her a star over night.

ARCHER

TWO shes on skis, or a luscious pair of Warner Bros.' most promising starlets. The blonde beautiful is Claudia Dell, a graduate of Dr. Ziegfeld's Academy now glorifying "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Her girl friend is Evelyn Knapp, one of the sweet things that make "Mothers Cry." Why are these babes in the woods? Just hunting a cameraman

No Laugh-
Clown-Laugh,
though your heart be
breaking stuff for Joe E.
Brown. Joe would think that
was putting on airs, and the only
airs Joe puts on are theme songs. Joe's
next mirthquake for Warner Bros. is "The
Tenderfoot," in which he's louder and funnier

FOKA

FOKA

A new slant on Dorothy Mackaill, the hitherto most agreeable gel in Hollywood, who quite rightly revolted last summer against inane roles. Dot went home to England, only to be recalled by First National and rewarded with a new, fine contract. Watch for her in "This Modern World"

ALEXANDER

A DARK haired boy and a blonde Myrna Loy, or, in other words, Ronald Colman in "Devil to Pay" and the lissome Miss Loy in a blonde wig, both flirting for dear life and Samuel Goldwyn. And everything goes just dandy until Loretta Young walks into the picture!

HURRELL

FORGIVE us but we can't help saying that this is our idea of a perfect Page. Anita doesn't really have to create a racket to make the world stop and listen—not so long as she shows such pretty—ah—drumsticks as revealed here. Her next picture? "Reducing"

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

REMEMBER Esther Ralston of the lovely face and figure? Then just imagine her with sound effects—or see for yourself when she stages her screen comeback in "The Southerner" opposite Lawrence Tibbett for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HURRELL

SHE has the quality no other screen blonde possesses, this Hyams girl; a quality of poise, character and good breeding. Leila again plays opposite John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate," Jack being the gentleman and Leila, the fatality

DARK and aristocratic Kay Francis began as a menace to men in "Gentlemen of the Press." But she was much too grand a girl to go on wrecking cinema hearts. So she changed her type and now her star is rising in the Paramount sky. On the opposite page is Radie Harris' delightful story of Kay

HURRELL

A Bad Girl Makes Good

Hitherto Unrevealed Facts About the Devastating Kay Francis Who Started as a Siren and Is Becoming Better and Better

By

Radie Harris

SHE looks as volcanic as Mt. Etna during an eruption. And is as calm as a lake on a clear day.

She looks like a brunette Peggy Joyce. And doesn't even own a diamond bracelet.

She looks like the daughter of a thousand earls. And was born in Oklahoma City.

Her name is Kay Francis.

It was during the first talkie boom that Kay took the trek west to find gold in them thar microphones. She's been Hollywood's ultimate gasp ever since. Men swoon when she enters a room and women sidle close to learn the recipe. To Kay, it is no novelty. Life has always been like that!

Long before she ever dreamed of becoming a "moom pitcher" star, Kay, without lifting a single eyebrow or exposing a bare knee, vamped more men than Theda Bara in her "kiss-me-my-fool" hey-dey.

Kay, herself, has never been too susceptible. But when she does "fall", it isn't a plunge—it's a nose-dive!

Her first "heart" was the young man whose last name she now emblazons in electric lights—Dwight Francis. She met him shortly after she had graduated from Miss Fuller's School at Ossining. It was a case of love at first sight that culminated in a large wedding at the very swanky St. Thomas' Church in New York.

Although he was heir to the Francis millions, all his rich relatives were very much alive, so Dwight took his bride to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where realtors told him that two could live as cheaply as one. Kay went domestic in a *Big Way* and so help my Aunt Sophrosia, loved it! She did all her own housework—including the cooking and laundry—and the residents of Pittsfield will vouch for the fact that she looked as beautiful in her ginghams and denims then as she does in her silks and satins now.

Married and divorced before she was twenty, wise in the ways of the world, Kay created a new screen type, the delightful sophisticate

After almost two years of happiness, there was a rift in the marital lute. Kay sailed for Europe and a divorce. She spent the next few months exploring England, France, Holland and Belgium. Few of Kay's friends know that she was entertained by crowned heads everywhere. No interviewer has ever heard the story. It is part of Kay's modesty that she doesn't like to publicize anything that might be associated with "putting on the dog". It was just by mere chance that I happened to hear about the time she dined with Queen Wilhemina in the Royal Palace at The Hague and when she found herself confronted with the problem of deciding which knives and forks to use out of the vast array at her plate, she solved it by asking the Queen herself!

Returning home to America, Kay encountered a very bad crossing. One night during a particularly heavy storm she remained up on deck. Leaning against the rail, looking out at the fathomless sea below and the limitless sky above, she suddenly felt free—indomitable, self-confident. Then and there she decided to become an actress. Ten days later she was playing on Broadway in the modern clothes version of "Hamlet".

True, she had often thought about going on the stage before, but her mother, Katherine Clinton, a former vaudeville and repertory player, had been so strenuous in her objections that she had turned to other vocations instead—secretarial and modelling being included among the list.

Kay loves to tell the story of her first day as a model. She regaled me with it when I lunched with her [*Continued on page* 57]

If I Had My

Does Fame, Fortune, or Love Loom Largest as One Looks Back? The Things Norma Talmadge Wishes for Will Surprise You—and Reveal a New Norma to You

"IF I had my life to live over again—"

All women as they leave the twenties think that thought. Perhaps all men think it, too. I'm not sure about them but I am sure about the women.

With a sigh they say it—"if I had my life to live over again." And there's usually a touch of sadness about it.

But it has seemed to me there was one group of women who ought never to have that thought—have it with any regret, I mean. Those women are, of course, the stars of Hollywood. They get so much out of life. It doesn't seem as though they could recall any way of living by which they could get more.

Take Norma Talmadge. Norma has had beauty, wealth, fame, a career, adulation from both the public and the critics, a long and successful marriage, a charming life.

I have known Norma for years, ever since her earliest days in Brooklyn when she was just a struggling actress trying to get along. I've watched her throughout her career. I've been with her when mobs stopped the traffic in the streets to catch a glimpse of her. Yet never once have I seen her put on the tall millinery.

Recently she has returned from Europe and a long, leisurely holiday and while she dallied in New York I went up to call on her.

It was tea-time. Outside a rainy twilight pressed against the window panes. Far below on Madison Avenue a tangle of motors slithered on the shiny, black pavement, their golden lights blobs in the mist, their bass and treble horns sounding warnings and protestations.

Inside, it was all perfume and luxury. A maid moved quietly about the hotel drawing-room, filling dishes with pistachio nuts, bonbons and cheese crackers, arranging deep red roses in a silver bowl. Norma's friends know they are welcome around six, in that interlude between the activities of the day and the pleasures of the evening. Which means trailing ivory satin and lace gowns, such as Norma was wearing.

"If I had my life to live over again. . . ."

Norma turned the slender stem of her glass between her fingers. It caught the glow from a lamp and the wine in the fragile bowl became alive with little golden darts.

"Hadn't I better say what I hope I would do? I mean, doesn't Fate always upset your calculations? Looking back I'm sure of it. I'm probably a Fatalist. That's why I'm so impressed with certain incidents. That's why I stress them so.

"Take my meeting with my husband. I'd been working very hard for months and had begun to feel it. It was my director who suggested I run down to Long Beach for a week-end. I'd never been to Long Beach and never would have thought of going there. But at his suggestion I proceeded to pack my bags. Joe Schenck was at the

Life to Live Over Again

Norma Talmadge

gives the answer to Every Woman's Question

in an interview with

Adele Whitely Fletcher

same hotel. Mutual friends introduced us one evening at dinner. . . ."

Norma shrugged. "You can dismiss such things as purely coincidental, of course, but I'm not so sure . . ."

There was unmistakable sincerity and earnestness in her voice when she spoke.

"If I had my life to live over again," she went on. "I hope I would do *only those things I really wanted to do, utterly regardless of what the world thought about them.* All of us grow up accepting certain things as desirable. Therefore we take it for granted that we want those things. With it all to do over again I would like really to make up my mind what I wanted to do, where I wanted to go, what possessions I honestly desired.

"By way of example," Norma continued, "when a girl and boy become engaged there's a ring. The idea of the ring itself is beautiful. It's symbolic. It's sentimental. It's grand. But the world expects that ring to be a diamond. Therefore, just about nine hundred and ninety-nine girls out of one thousand—if not the entire thousand—*think* they want a diamond ring. They would feel badly if they didn't get it. And the nine hundred and ninety-nine boys engaged to those girls arrange for that diamond one way or another.

"But if those same people never had seen nor heard of diamonds I doubt that more than ten of those girls would want diamonds enough to go after them even if the ground on the further side of a stream glittered with their light. And if by some chance they were given a handful of them, I doubt that they would do more than say 'Aren't they bright and pretty' and then throw them down the way we do with a handful of seashells.

"A few, of course, might really be attracted enough to the fiery sparkle to go after them and keep them . . . but only a few . . .

"No wonder the lords of industry wax rich on us. We think we want the kind of house our friends think is a right kind of house. Twelve months after we have bought a car we decide we must have another car, green instead of blue, with a stork instead of an eagle for a radiator cap, upholstered in beige instead of pearl gray . . .

"Sometimes we really do become aware of our stupidity for a fleeting minute. Then we murmur something about the engine of the car beginning to need overhauling and insist it is economy in the long run to turn it in. But honestly, it's because we want the latest thing, *that thing the world stamps with its unqualified approval, that we turn in the old bus.* Certainly we make slaves of ourselves in order to earn money enough to live this way.

"We spend our lives running to do the same thing and to get the same thing at the same time . . . like a lot of blind sheep.

[*Continued on page* 64]

If she had her life to live over again, Norma would spend more evenings like this recent one in Paris, at luxurious dinners amid laughing friends. Grouped around Norma you'll see Gilbert Roland, Rosie Dolly and Natalie Talmadge Keaton with her husband, Buster Keaton

Antique and Modern "IT", Venus and Clara Bow

Sue Carol, a pocket Venus

Loretta Young swims and dances to maintain her slender form

Perfect face, perfect form, perfect girl, Joan Crawford, within quarter of an inch of Venus' measurements

The HOLLYWOOD

If Ancient Venus Came to Hollywood She Wouldn't Be So Chesty—and the Girls Would Teach Her a New Weigh to Figure—How to Eat and Be Slim

ANY girl of today would shoot you on sight if you suggested that her lines and curves approached those of the Venus de Milo. Yet Venus was some gal in her day. She was a big girl but for many and many a century her classic measurements were the answer to a lover's prayer. As recently as a decade ago the highest compliment you could pay a woman was to tell her that she could double for the Venus de Milo. But heaven help the cavalier who utters those benighted words today!

For the last few years have worked havoc with classic standards of pulchritude. When the boyish form came in Venus went out. And although 1930 with its lengthened skirts and trailing fashions in women's dress brought a hue and cry of "back to femininity", the slim boyish figure still holds sway. True, curves are no longer a disgrace—but they are not the fulsome curves of the good old days.

Hollywood has had much to do with this altered standard of beauty. Notwithstanding the new qualifications for stardom since the talkies, the public still demands that its feminine stars have lovely figures and look

Dorothy Mackaill is a bit taller than the Greek ideal

Marilyn Miller's legs entitle her to glory

Connie Bennett, within a half inch of Venus, but weighing only ninety-eight

VENUS

By Harriet Parsons

well in their clothes. The Joan Crawfords, Nancy Carrolls and Constance Bennetts are the Venuses of today. And the methods that these girls use to keep their figures are arduously pursued by women everywhere from Medicine Hat to 42nd Street, New York.

Sisters under the skin are all that the phrase implies, in this day and time. Movies have made the whole world kin, and the cinema lady and Judy O'Grady take the same setting-up exercises and use the same diet menus.

Would you like to know the measurements of the new Venus—the Hollywood Venus? Your correspondent scoured the studios and selected a representative list of thirty-six well-known film players in order to get these statistics for you. These were the girls I chose: Claudia Dell, Sue Carol, Loretta Young, Marilyn Miller, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Sharon Lynn, Norma Shearer, Leila Hyams, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis, Evelyn Knapp, Dorothy Lee, Dorothy Mackaill, Lola Lane, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Dixie Lee, Greta Garbo, Anita Page, Frances Dee, Carole Lombard, Mary Brian, Bebe Daniels, Rita LaRoy, Lila Lee, Evelyn Brent, Helen Twelvetrees, Marguerite Churchill, Joyce Compton, Marion Davies, Fay Wray, June Collyer, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow. Important girls, beautiful girls, all of them. And after enough mathematics to wear out Einstein came to this conclusion: The perfect Hollywood figure of today, deduced by averaging the measurements of these thirty-six players, is as follows: [*Continued on page* 62]

Marguerite Churchill, a tall Venus, five six and a half, one hundred nineteen pounds

More Movie

[*Continued*

Here's little Dorothy Lee of RKO with her brand new (and first and only) husband, Jimmie Fidler. Jimmie was Dorothy's press agent

Just proving a comedian can have her heart throb moments, Polly Moran poses with her young son, John Moran. John goes to military school and is he proud of his mother? Gee, whiskers, you can bet your movie tickets he is!

THERE'S a Czarina of the movies now!

On November 27, Will Hays, supreme arbiter of the motion picture industry, was married to Mrs. Jessie Herron Stutesman, widow of the former United States Minister to Bolivia.

The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's brother in Edgemore, Md., and was marked by simplicity and quiet. The guests were limited to members of the immediate families.

This is Hays' second marriage, too. He was granted a divorce from Helen Thomas Hays in June, 1929, on charges of incompatibility and was granted custody of William Hays, Jr., at that time.

* * *

UNITED ARTISTS, battling with Fox-West Coast in an effort to break the latter's "theatre monopoly" on the West Coast, has announced its intention of building its own chain of theatres.

Under direction of Joseph M. Schenck, head of the project, United Artists will construct twenty-five theatres up and down the coast at an approximate cost of $150,000 each.

In his defy, hurled into the faces of Fox executives, Schenck is said to have announced that "United Artists would show their pictures all over the country if they had to run them in tents."

To which Winnie Sheehan genially replied, "I'd like to see a tent wired for sound." And went on his unconcerned way.

METRO'S bad boy, Charles Bickford, has rebelled once too often. He and the company that gave him his big chance have come to a parting of the ways, by mutual agreement.

Ever since Cecil De Mille picked Bickford, then unknown to motion picture audiences, and gave him the lead in "Dynamite", Charlie has been one of the most discontented, disgruntled souls in Hollywood. He is a good actor, but not quite as good as he seems to think he is.

His last rôle, that of the hero of "The Passion Flower", pleased him not at all, and he was loud in his complaints.

Result, the severence of his contract.

* * *

At last the long-expected Tom Mix divorce is an actuality!

Victoria filed divorce papers on December 12, thus settling the numerous rumors that have been current for the past several years.

* * *

HOPE HAMPTON, ex-film star, who turned to opera, recently visited Honolulu and upon arriving at the island resort, found that she could not bring her pet Pom, Pouzy, ashore.

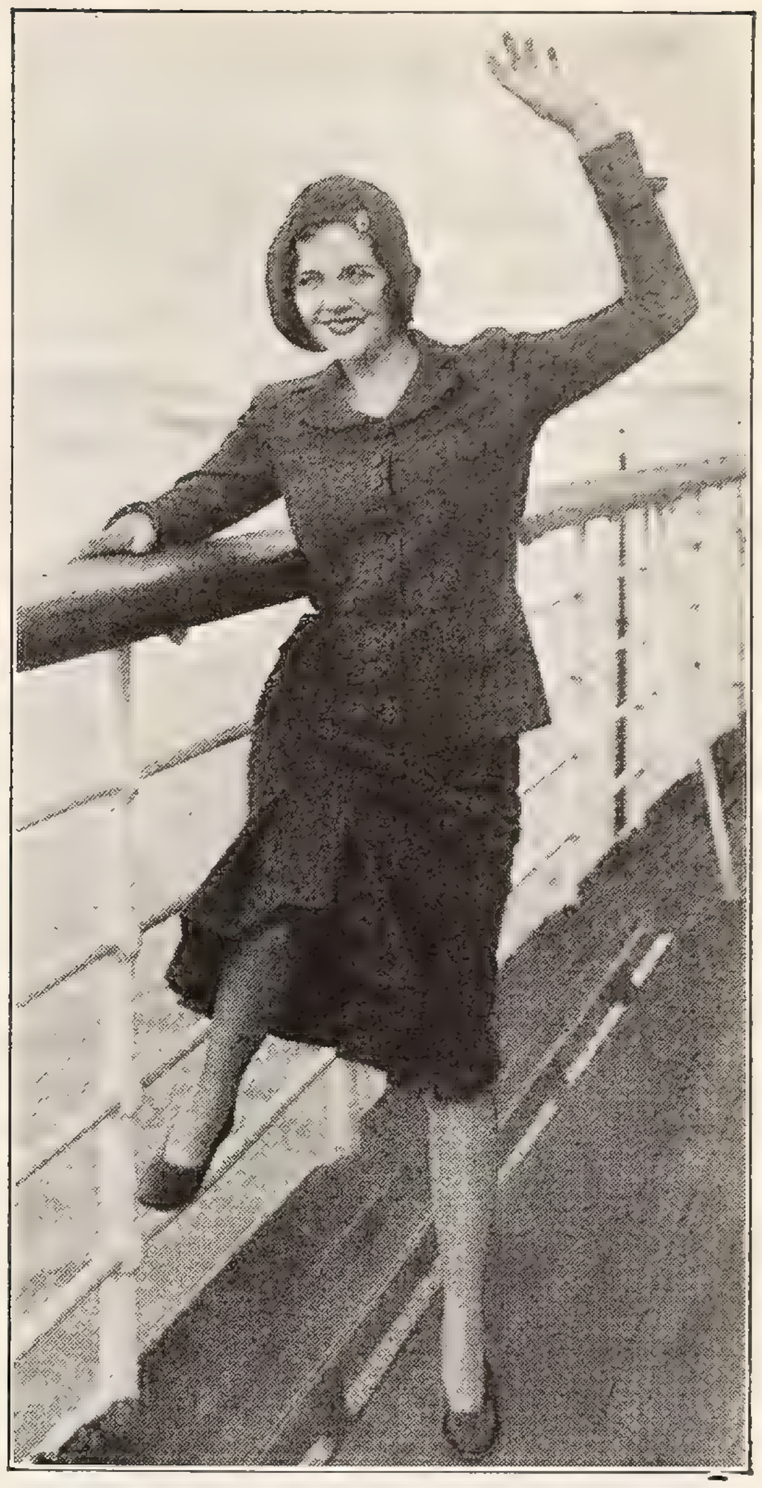
Her personal maid had to stay aboard with the hound while Hope saw the sights.

Pouzy was so mad he almost bit the captain—not to mention how the maid felt!

Town Topics

from page 11]

Mrs. Fairbanks looks with amazement at Mr. D. Fairbanks at her right and Mr. Edward Everett Horton all dressed up in their Sunday clothes. Mary is spending most of her time in pajamas before the "Kiki" camera but did you ever see her looking younger and lovelier?



Remember Virginia Lee Corbin? Her career temporarily halted by talkies, Virginia wisely sailed abroad, and here she is returning with a grand English accent

WELL, at last Gloria's gone and done it!

After numerous cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" on the divorce subject, she finally filed papers against Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, and on November 6 received her interlocutory decree.

* * *

The Little Hollywood Bird of Gossip reports that Rex Lease, recently the hubby of Charlotte Merriam, is all hot and bothered over Eleanor Hunt, of "Whoopee".

* * *

THE best news in years is that Thomas Meighan, beloved veteran of the films, is coming back to his fans.

He has been signed by Fox for one of the leading rôles in "Young Sinners", which goes into production soon. He will play an Irish prize-fighter-trainer—a roughneck who makes men of rich mens' sons. Won't that be grand?

And he has also agreed to play in one of Janet Gaynor's forthcoming films, the title to be selected later.

* * *

ART and Pola Negri are on the up-and-up again.

After several years devoted more or less to domesticity and Prince Serge Mdivani, during which time there were countless reports of a rift, La Negri has at last taken the definite step and has won her freedom.

In leaving the court, Pola announced: "I am glad at the prospect of being free again and able to resume my former life devoting myself solely to my Art."

SPEAKING of Pola Negri, a loaf of bread and jug of wine might have been enough for Omar, but it takes a chateau in France and a movie theatre to please her.

The one-time flaming torch of the cinema was planning to spend the remainder of the winter in Southern France, and was having her troubles in locating a villa.

Finally, however, her search seemed almost ended—she found a simple little thirty-room house which looked as if it would fill her needs.

But, "Voila!" there was no motion picture theatre in the vicinity! LaNegri continued her search.

* * *

Sally O'Neil filed a voluntary bankruptcy petition, listing $43,820 in bills as liabilities.

Well, when movie folk get in debt, they get in debt in a big way.

* * *

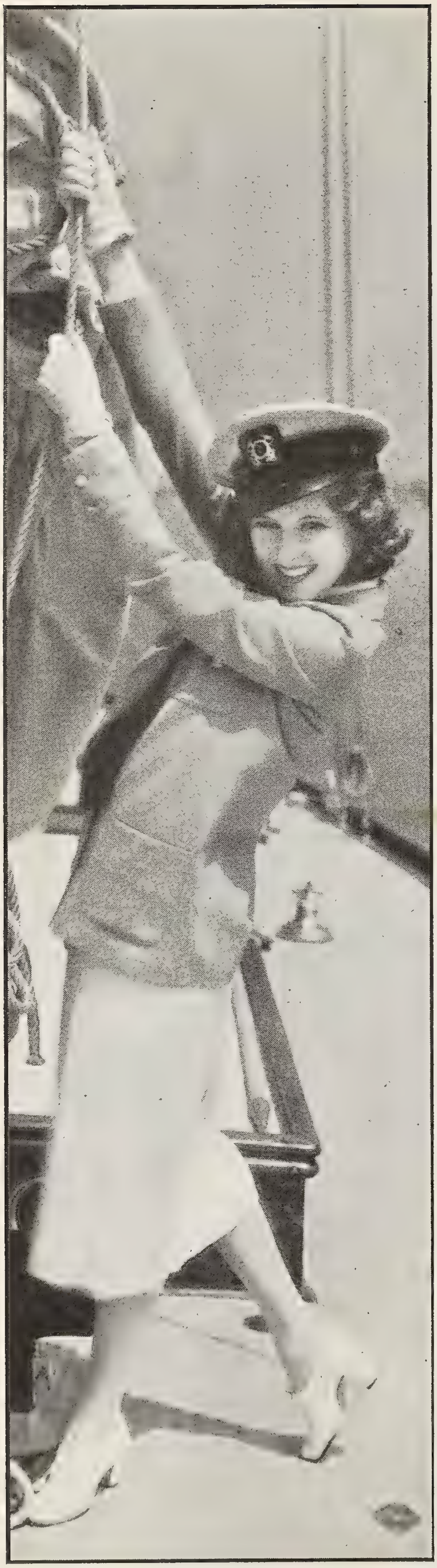
GLORIA SWANSON wasn't the only motion picture celebrity to gain her freedom from matrimonial bonds recently.

Two other couples proved successfully to the judge that when money came in the door, love flew out the window.

Walter Catlett, film comedian, was divorced by Zanetta W. Catlett on charges of neglect, intoxication, cruelty, and associating with other women.

And Mrs. Alice Glazer was granted a divorce from Benjamin Glazer, senario writer, on charges of mental cruelty.

[*Continued on page* 52]



Chicken, *Southern Style*

Being the Delectable Dorothy Jordan of Dixie

By John Byron

THERE'S much Southern charm but no Southern languor about Dorothy Jordan. She's about as listless as Douglas Fairbanks. Please don't misunderstand. She doesn't chin herself on chandeliers and she wouldn't dream of jumping over a grand piano. She's a Southern lady for a' that, suh, but she has all the liveliness of a more frigid clime.

This diminutive beauty is a native of Clarksville, Tennessee. She isn't a bit hurt if you look vague when she mentions her home town. However, with a note of pride, she will explain that Clarksville isn't a village at all. Why, it has 12,000 people. She can even find it on the map if you've got a map around handy. And the city, yes CITY, is very conservative. People who moved there twenty years ago are still looked upon as newcomers. Although she doesn't say so, you know that the best people sort of hold off on these new arrivals, just waiting until they have been around a couple more decades.

"I still feel like a newcomer in Hollywood," she laughed. "You see, I have only been here for two years."

Imagine! In Southern California you're an old settler after the first year. In two years you're a native son or daughter and can speak with authority on all the new real estate developments.

At twenty Dorothy is regarded as one of the most promising starlets on the M-G-M lot. In the printed biographies which the studio publicity departments issue as a handy guide to hard-working interviewers she is described as "the epitome of the American girl at her sweetest and best." Those are strong words, but maybe they're right. Who are we to contradict?

Dorothy has been leading lady to Ramon Novarro in "Devil May Care", "In Gay Madrid" and "Call of the Flesh". That means that Ramon likes to have her around, giving just the right note of delectable femininity to his pictures. She has just finished the ingenue role in "Min and Bill" with Marie Dressler. There are more nice roles bobbing up with surprising regularity.

But back to Clarksville and magnolia blossoms, and shady verandas with tall, snowy pillars. Maybe Clarksville doesn't have all of these things but they're the correct properties for below the Mason and Dixon line. Ask any song-writer. Dorothy, however, had no intention of spending the rest of her life in that atmosphere. She saw her name in electric lights on Broadway. The family didn't think much of her ambition at first, but she kept insisting.

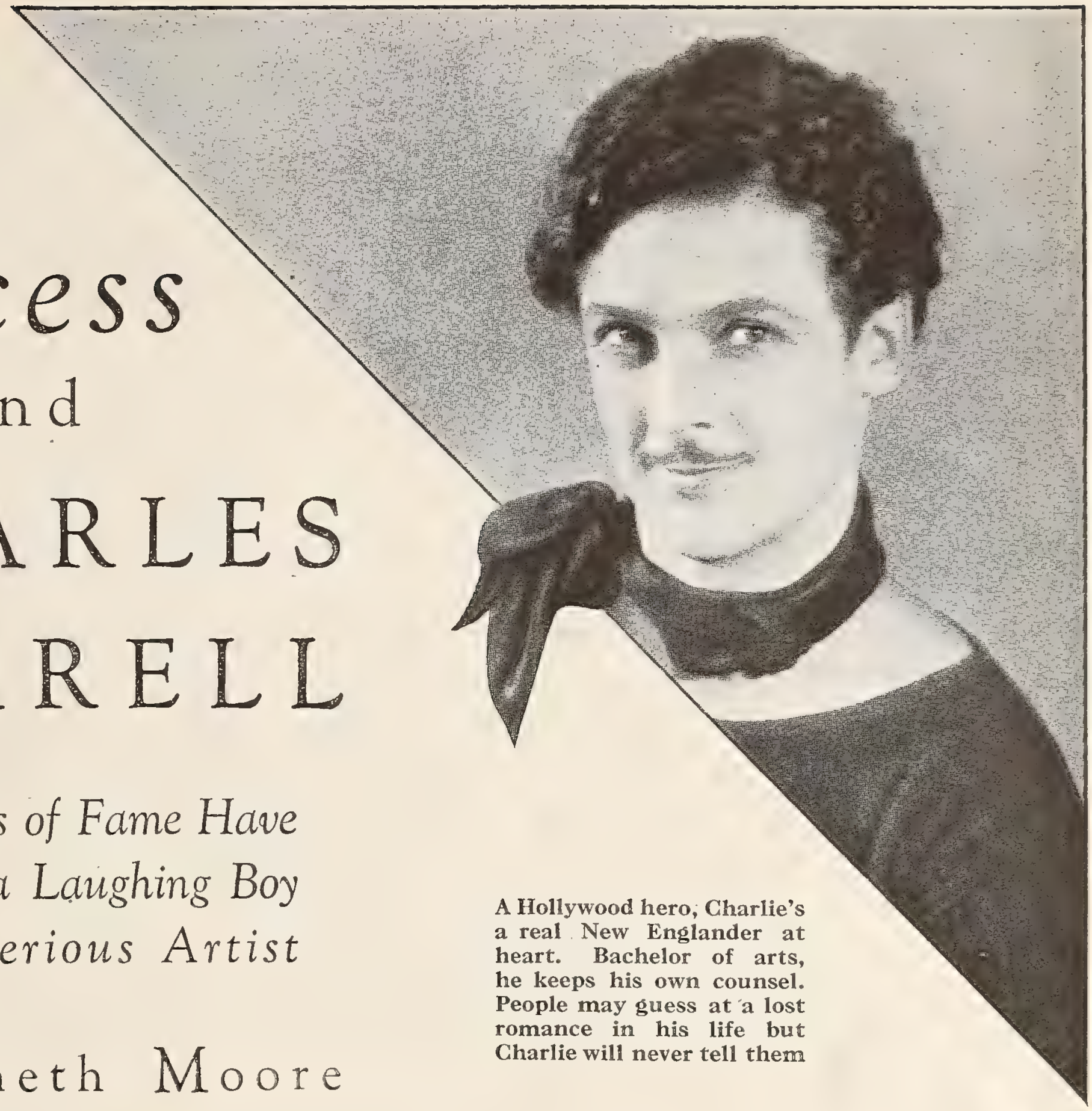
Dorothy Jordan's the demure love interest of M-G-M's best films now, but listen—once she was a Broadway chorus girl!

"They finally had [*Continued on page* 63]

Success and Charles Farrell

Four Years of Fame Have Changed a Laughing Boy Into a Serious Artist

By Kenneth Moore



A Hollywood hero, Charlie's a real New Englander at heart. Bachelor of arts, he keeps his own counsel. People may guess at a lost romance in his life but Charlie will never tell them

WITHOUT pausing to think you might say that Charles Farrell had changed less than any star in Hollywood. To the casual observer he seems the same friendly Charlie of four or five years ago. He doesn't look any older. You still see him driving down the boulevard in his Ford—usually exceeding the speed limit, by the way.

But Charles Farrell *HAS* changed. The years have wrought a difference—not so much an outward change, but inward. If you observe closely you can see it. Fame doesn't let people off without exacting a price.

I remember the first time I ever met Charlie. It was soon after he had finished "Old Ironsides". For the first time in his life success had come in a modest way. He was pleased as punch that he had finally arrived. It had been a long, uphill battle for him and there were plenty of days when he wondered where the next meal was coming from. At that time he seemed like a happy college boy, gay, irresponsible—or at least as irresponsible as a well-brought-up boy from Cape Cod could possibly be.

It is a different Charlie who has just stepped into the dramatic assignment of "The Man Who Came Back", the picture which will again present the favorite starring duo of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. There isn't so much of the boy left in Charlie. He's more the man now. He's serious. There aren't so many parties in his life. When he works he scarcely goes out at all. He hasn't found stardom one great bed of roses by any means.

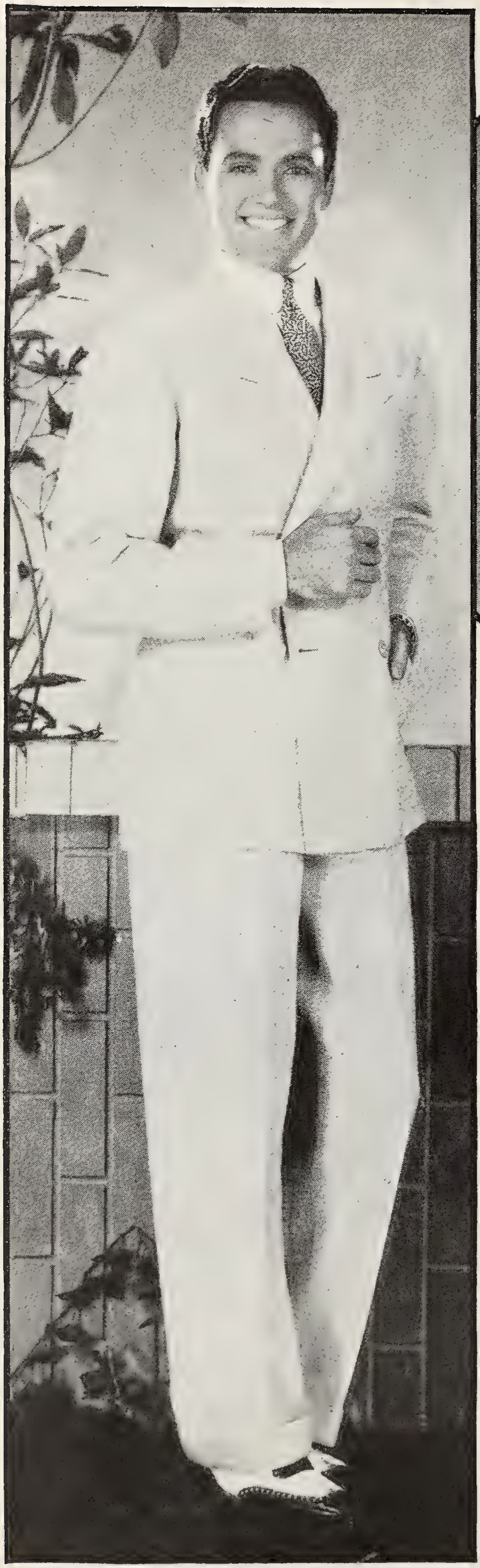
What has happened to this young man during the four years he has co-starred with the gentle, wistful Janet Gaynor?

First of all there was "Seventh Heaven". Of all the brilliant opening nights in the Hollywood theatres, the premiere of that beautiful drama is the most unforgettable. Janet and Charlie were almost unknown five minutes before that picture flashed on the screen of the Carthay Circle Theatre. Five minutes after the closing scene they were world famous.

One of the most famous women in the world was heard to say as she left the theatre that evening—"Ah, if I could only experience again what that boy and girl have known tonight."

That experience and the success changed Charlie. It wasn't unnatural, for it came with such breath-taking suddenness. It is long enough in the past now to say that he become a bit hard to handle around the studio.

His next picture was "The Red Dance", which Raoul Walsh directed. Charlie and Raoul did not get along the best in the world. Walsh has never been one to be overwhelmed by the greatness of a star. The picture wasn't too good. Charlie lost some of the high opinions of himself. Ever since he has been able to wear his old hat. His friends have never had to complain that he was upstage. He is not conceited when it comes to his accomplishments. He is thoroughly agreed with the more than slightly caustic comment of critics on "Fazil". He knows that he cannot be a sheik. But success was his, nevertheless. Success, the all-conquering, [*Continued on page* 65]



A tailored maid-man of "Morocco". Marlene Dietrich proves that sex-appeal can triumph even in a boiled shirt and a dinner coat

SUITING

"VANITY, thy name is woman" may mean something in the rest of the world but in Hollywood, that's just a flock of words—and words that don't mean a thing.

For the female of the species may be more deadly than the male—but in Hollywood, at least, she's no better dressed. The lads who cause feminine hearts to miss their beats and make weak women weaker, know their sartorial symphonies—and how!

Notched lapels, circular skirts on overcoats, double-breasted vests, fancy buckles on trousers—these and more are familiar jargon to the well-dressed young-men-about-Hollywood. And suits are purchased not in ones and twos, but by the dozen.

Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these he-mannequins of the celluloid.

If you don't believe me, just go to Watson and Son, the firm that brought a new kind of tailoring to Hollywood. That's what I did—and I learned about my screen heroes from them.

Take "Buddy" Rogers, for

No serge blues for Buddy Rogers. As prize he-mannequin of Hollywood, Buddy runs to bright colors and fuzzy fabrics

If Arthur Lake took a couple of blonde honeys under each arm in this, would all three be sugar-coated?

The answer to a tailor's prayer, Robert Montgomery of the broad shoulders and the generous pocketbook. Bob goes in for everything from sack suits to cutaways—and boy, how he wears 'em!

the BOYS

The First Thing to Do in Order to Dress Like a Hollywood Hero Is to Rob a Bank

By Allan Jordan

instance. (You take him, I don't want him.) What Lilyan Tashman is to the feminine quota of the movie colony, Buddy is to the masculine contingent. When Buddy appears in a new suit, the other boys take one look and start fighting.

Personally, I've always thought Buddy's clothes the limit. But Mr. Watson, head of the firm which bears his name, vetoed the idea and assured me that my taste might have been good in 1920, but hasn't improved with age.

Buddy's clothes, it seems, are the last word. And to prove it, he showed me several pictures of him in various men's fashions magazines. I apologized.

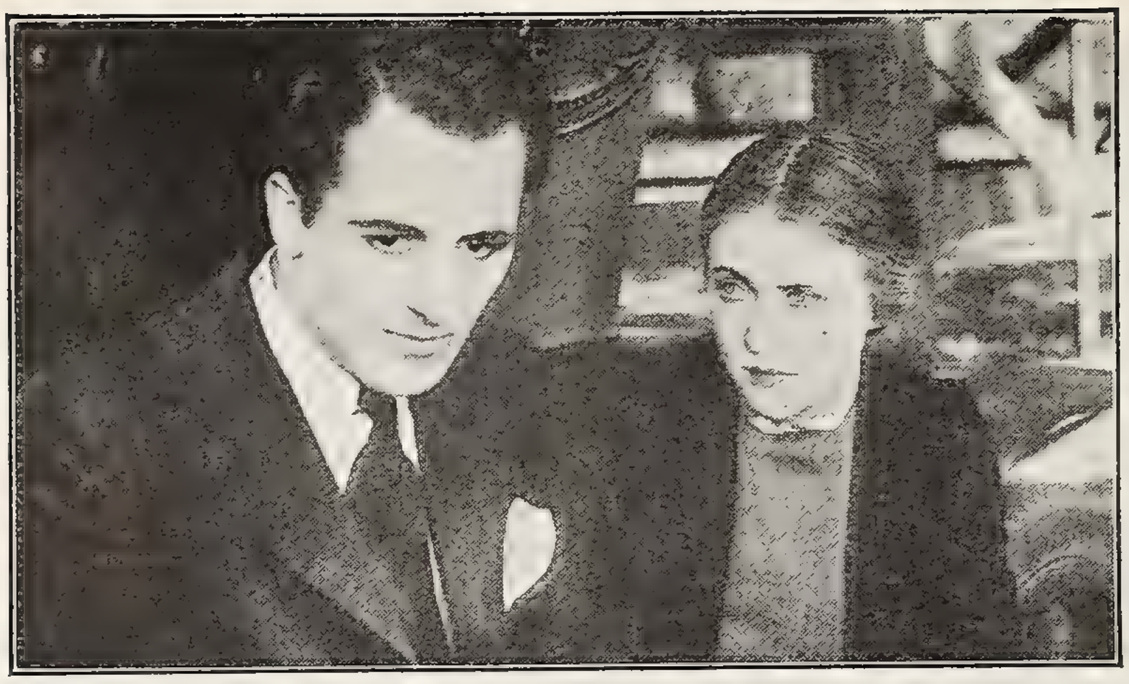
"Speak of the devil—" anyway, while I was talking to Mr. Watson about Buddy, in walked that young gentleman himself, to order a new wardrobe, for his glorious adventure in Europe.

His first selection was a gray Newmarket overcoat—a style which has taken Hollywood by storm. It is double-breasted, cut full at the shoulders and fitted snugly into the waist. A seam runs all the way around the waist, where the skirt of the coat is attached, the skirt being cut very full.

When the overcoat was chosen, he ordered a double-breasted navy-blue serge, a double-breasted dinner jacket, a dark gray silver-striped worsted and a single-breasted black sack suit.

Buddy's taste runs to very soft materials: vicunas and llama cloths. In addition to the suits mentioned, he ordered three or four suits of those cloths—a brown (a shade to which he's very partial), a gray and a dark blue. All single-breasted and with (*Continued on page* 58)

Silver Screen's



THE RIGHT TO LOVE
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Ruth Chatterton plays two generations, mother and daughter, both of them women who demand "the right to love" —which means here to love well but not conventionally. For the mother, such love has meant both heartbreak and beauty. She tries to teach her daughter greater wisdom. It is a moving story which Ruth Chatterton plays with her tear-compelling artistry. Paul Lukas is the man, but the picture is all Chatterton.

THE CRIMINAL CODE
Rating: GREAT
Columbia

Here is one of the best pictures of the year! It has everything—drama, suspense, tenderness. Based on the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye", it moves smoothly to great emotional heights. Walter Huston is the relentless prosecuting attorney, and Phillips Holmes and Constance Cummings supply the love interest. The horrible side of prison-life is startlingly presented, and direction of Howard Hawks is flawless. See this one!

THE PASSION FLOWER
Rating: GOOD
M.-G.-M.

Our old friend, The Eternal Triangle, is with us again. This time, Charles Bickford is the big heart-throb and tears man who divides his favors between two such high-powered sirens as Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. The latter is the faithful, hard-working wife, and Miss Francis is her sirenic cousin who turns out to have a heart of gold that saves everyone's honor. Swell entertainment, and strictly believable.

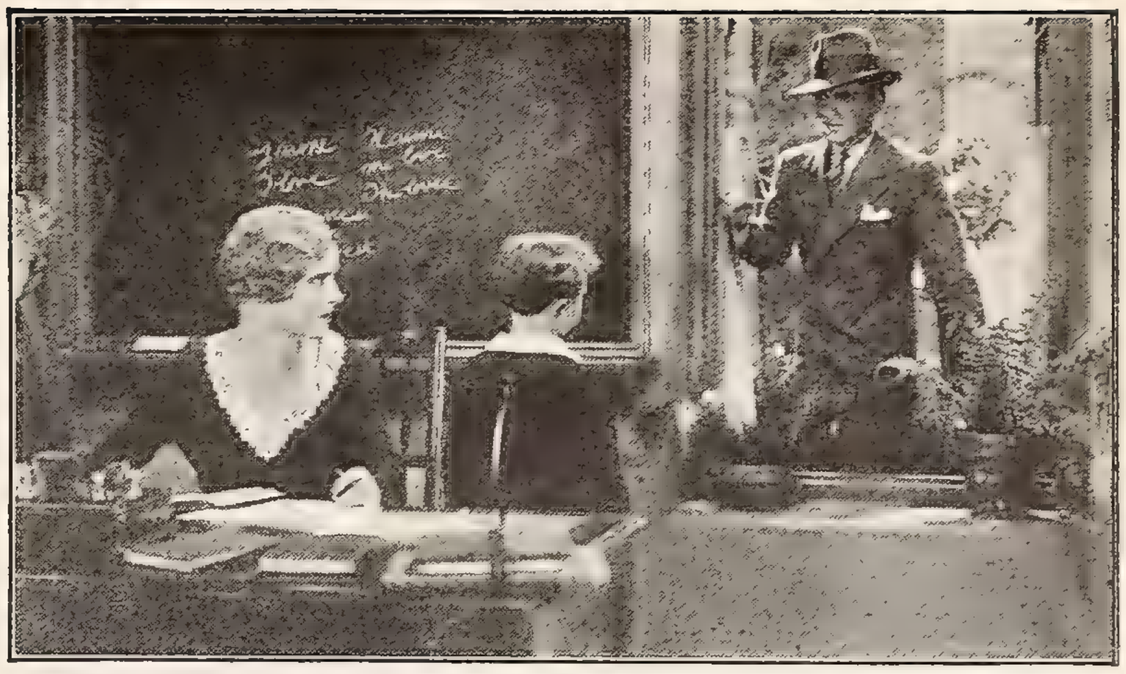
SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY
Rating: GREAT
Pathe

Lovely Connie Bennett is a hard-working stenographer who is in love with her frivolous boss. He's in love with another girl but he doesn't want to marry her. So he marries Connie instead, then sends her to Europe alone. Connie gets herself some clothes and manners and the fun begins. Such is the plot, but the picture is so perfectly cast, played, staged and spoken you'll love every word of it and beg for more.

THE BAT WHISPERS
Rating: GREAT
United Artists

Oh, what a thriller this is. Take a haunted house with sliding panels, lights that go out, voices that shriek, bank tellers that abscond, innocents who get accused and the shadow of the Bat over everything. Add simply elegant direction by Roland West, beautiful settings, a great cast headed by the immaculate Chester Morris and fair Una Merkle and the whole is one of the most exciting movies in many a month.

Reviewing Stand



TOL'ABLE DAVID
Rating: GREAT
Columbia

This is not alone the story of one lad, David Kinemon, it is a throbbingly human document of the native mountaineer—of his simple emotions, feuds, kinships. Richard Cromwell, making his first screen appearance, is magnificent in his portrayal of the gentle mountain lad caught in the web of circumstances, though he lacks the ruggedness with which Barthelmess imbued the silent rôle. You'll enjoy this.

THE DEVIL TO PAY
Rating: GOOD
United Artists

Here is a picture oh, so light, amusing and unimportant, full of fine direction and beautiful settings, with Ronald Colman playing one of those fatal, irresponsible Englishmen who gets all mixed up in love. Loretta Young's the only girl and Myrna Loy's the charmer. Ronnie and Frederick Kerr give performances worth going miles to see. The dialogue is utterly delightful. Just for pure entertainment, go see this.

THE DANCERS
Rating: FAIR
Fox

Another flaming youth expose—and not as good as some. When Lois Moran vows to be true and sends Phillips Holmes away to make his fortune, she is garbed in purest white. But after Walter Byron and gin take a holiday with her, she goes in for black nighties—the badge of her blame. However, when Phil returns, he still prefers slightly scarlet Lois to the more earthy and interesting Mae Clarke, so all ends well.

FAST AND LOOSE
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

Regulation plot number ninety-eight is handled so amusingly that one forgets it has a long, white beard. It's all about the wild children of wealth, Miriam Hopkins, an enchanting newcomer from the stage, and Henry Wadsworth, who fall in love with Charles Starrett and Carole Lombard, poor, proud and industrious. Of course, the wealthy parents try to stop the works, but we said the youngsters were in love, didn't we?

THE LOTTERY BRIDE
Rating: POOR
United Artists

Even Jeanette MacDonald's lovely, lyric voice cannot save this from mediocrity. Laid in the picturesque locale of Norway, it's one of those inane musical comedy things about a mammoth lottery, the prize of which is the beautiful Jeanette. A flock of icebergs lend color, but are cold—just like the picture. Joe E. Brown does his best to amuse, as does ZaSu Pitts—but even a swell cast can't achieve the impossible.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER
Rating: GOOD
Fox

Youthful romance in a mythical kingdom. Maureen O'Sullivan is a lonely little princess destined to marry the wicked Baron Von Kemper. But, Charlie Farrell comes along from faraway America and upsets the best-laid plans. He's a wealthy young engineer but Maureen mistakes him for a plumber. Things look dark then, but love finds a way. Charlie and Maureen are likable, but not as good as Farrell-Gaynor.

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER
Rating: FAIR
RKO

This is a wild Wheeler and Woolsey farce with Bert and Robert as a pair of funny men who run a broken-down hotel because they're in love with pretty Dorothy Lee. Dottie's film mother and a lot of underworld characters enter the plot. Everything gets muddled but love wins. Not too good dialogue and not so good for the stars. You'll get laughs, but it ought to be much better, if these boys are to stay stars.

OH, FOR A MAN
Rating: GOOD
Fox

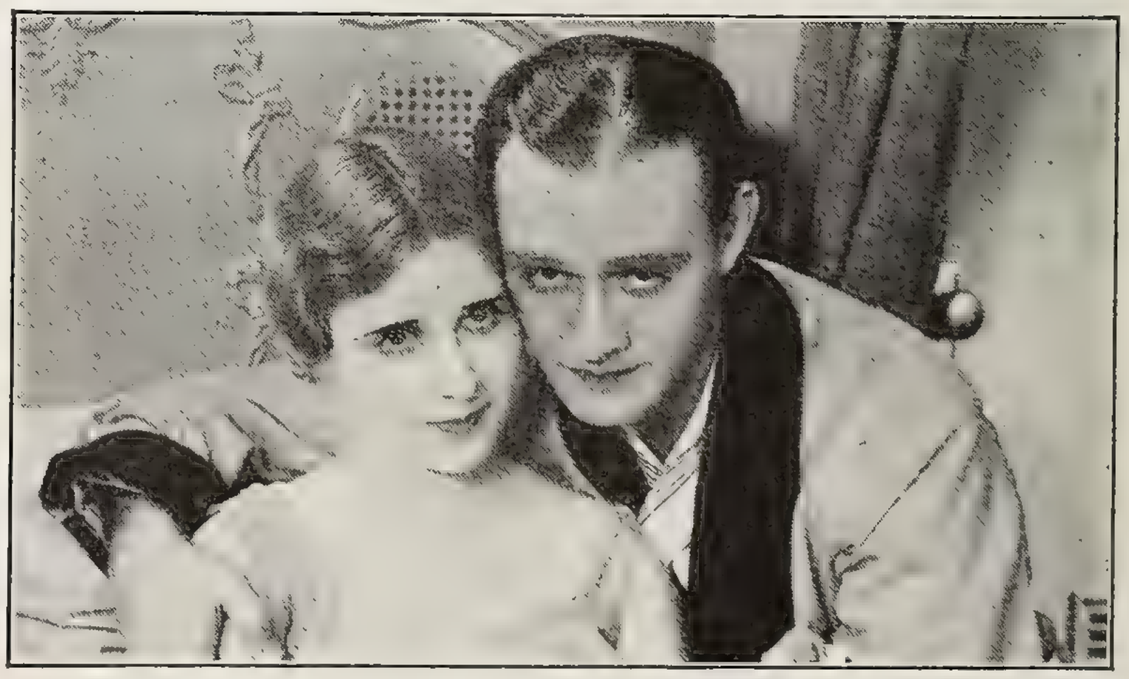
Jeanette MacDonald is a temperamental opera singer who always gets what she wants. Reggie Denny is a hard-boiled burglar who yearns to sing. Jeanette falls in love with him, marries him and tries to make a gentleman of him. There is a conflict of wills and they learn about marriage from each other. It's all pretty foolish but light and gay enough to be good fun and Jeanette looks very lovely in negligee.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA
Rating: GOOD
Universal

Mr. Cohen and Mr. Kelly, with their nagging wives, are in a different locale—Africa, where the monkey-shines are best. Charley Murray and George Sidney make the most of their thrilling adventures in the land of wild animals, wilder native girls and trick camera shots. Kate Price and Vera Gordon are the wives again, while Frank Davis, a jungle guide, is plenty humorous. Not art, but perfectly grand for hearty laughs.

THE BLUE ANGEL
Rating: GOOD
UFA.

Alas and alack, here's Emil Jannings in his first talkie rôle in English—but it's the same old Jannings plot. Once more Emil, as a worthy German, falls into the clutches of a siren and descends to the gutter. Marlene Dietrich is the siren, not so lovely as she was in "Morocco" but very interesting, nevertheless. The whole production is heavy and talkies have advanced since it was made. Decidedly not for children.



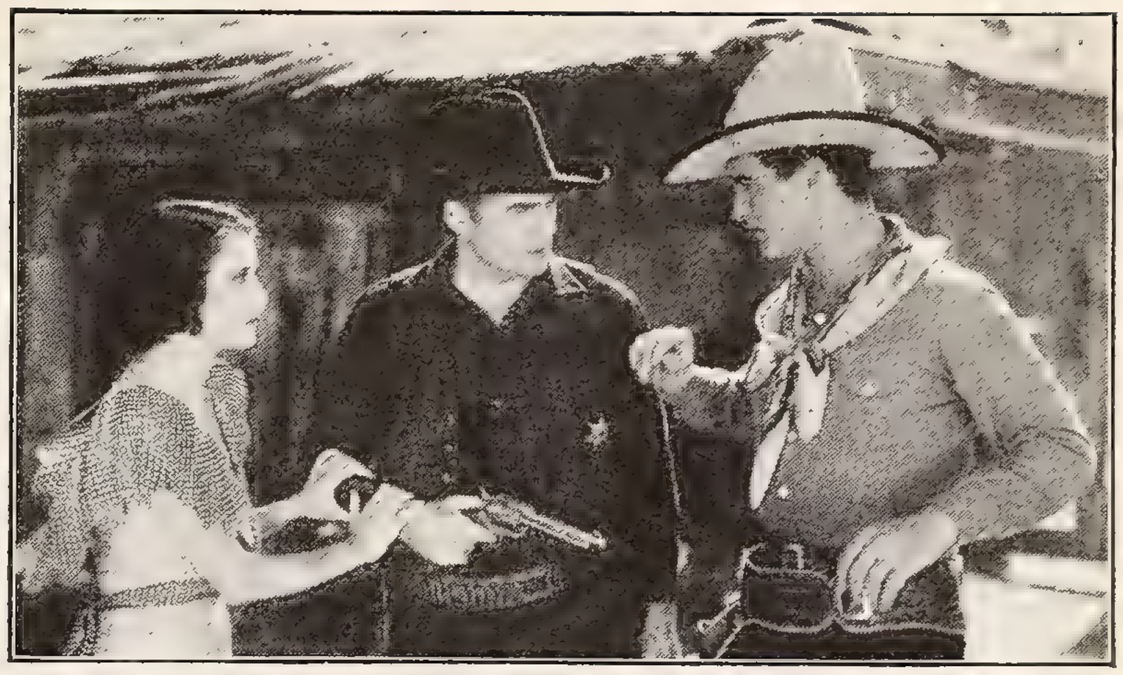
FREE LOVE
Rating: GOOD
Universal

One of those domestic things full of little household battles done rather well by Genevieve Tobin and Conrad Nagel. The direction by Hobart Henley is good. He shows an understanding of human beings and his handling of the trials and tribulations of a husband and wife is particularly praiseworthy. ZaSu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Monroe Owsley and Ilka Chase supply the comedy. You'll like this even if you are married—or not.

REVIEWING STAND

FOLLOW THE LEADER
Rating: GOOD
Paramount

And what a leader! Ed Wynn, itinerant actor, waiter and what-you-will, accidentally finds himself the leader of a gang of gunmen. Ginger Rogers is the pure, pulchritudinous protegee of the gang and they elect to make a Broadway star of her. The fun is fast and furious, but it's strictly of the stage variety, which means long, uninterrupted speeches by Mr. Wynn and an unreal atmosphere throughout. Stanley Smith makes a nice hero.



THE UTAH KID
Rating: POOR
Tiffany

Yes, Suh! From away out west, where men are movie actors—and the doubles do most of the hard riding. This is just another outdoor picture with the hero falsely suspected while the rascally villain tries to steal the gal and the sheriff plans arrests. Rex Lease is not the chap for chaps and big hero stuff. Dorothy Sebastian works hard but unavailingly. It's all pretty commonplace unless you just must have a "Western"

SEA LEGS
Rating: FAIR
Paramount

Jack Oakie is a big favorite but he will need better material than this if he is to continue to cause lines at the box-office. Jack plays a gob in love with Lillian Roth. Of course, her parents disapprove. Jack is offered a couple of millions if he will stay in the Navy for a year. You can imagine the rest! Jack performs his usual antics in his usual way but it's all pretty wet and a weak cast doesn't help it any.

SCARLET PAGES
Rating: FAIR
First National

This marks Elsie Ferguson's first appearance on the talking screen and she gives a swell performance. But the plot creaks. It's one of those Madame X themes—this time the mother is defending her child in the court of justice. Miss Ferguson is the brilliant woman attorney, called to defend Marian Nixon, who killed to protect her honor. Of course, she discovers her client's identity and there's a family reunion in the end.

THE GREAT MEADOW
Rating: FAIR
M-G-M

Another epic of the pioneers, this time of the hardy folk who followed Daniel Boone into primitive Kentucky. Johnny Mack Brown and Gavin Gordon wage the usual contest for the favors of Eleanor Boardman, who marks her return to the screen with a very good performance. But, pioneer stuff is getting rather tiresome—we've had too much of it. It won't make much difference whether you see this version or not.

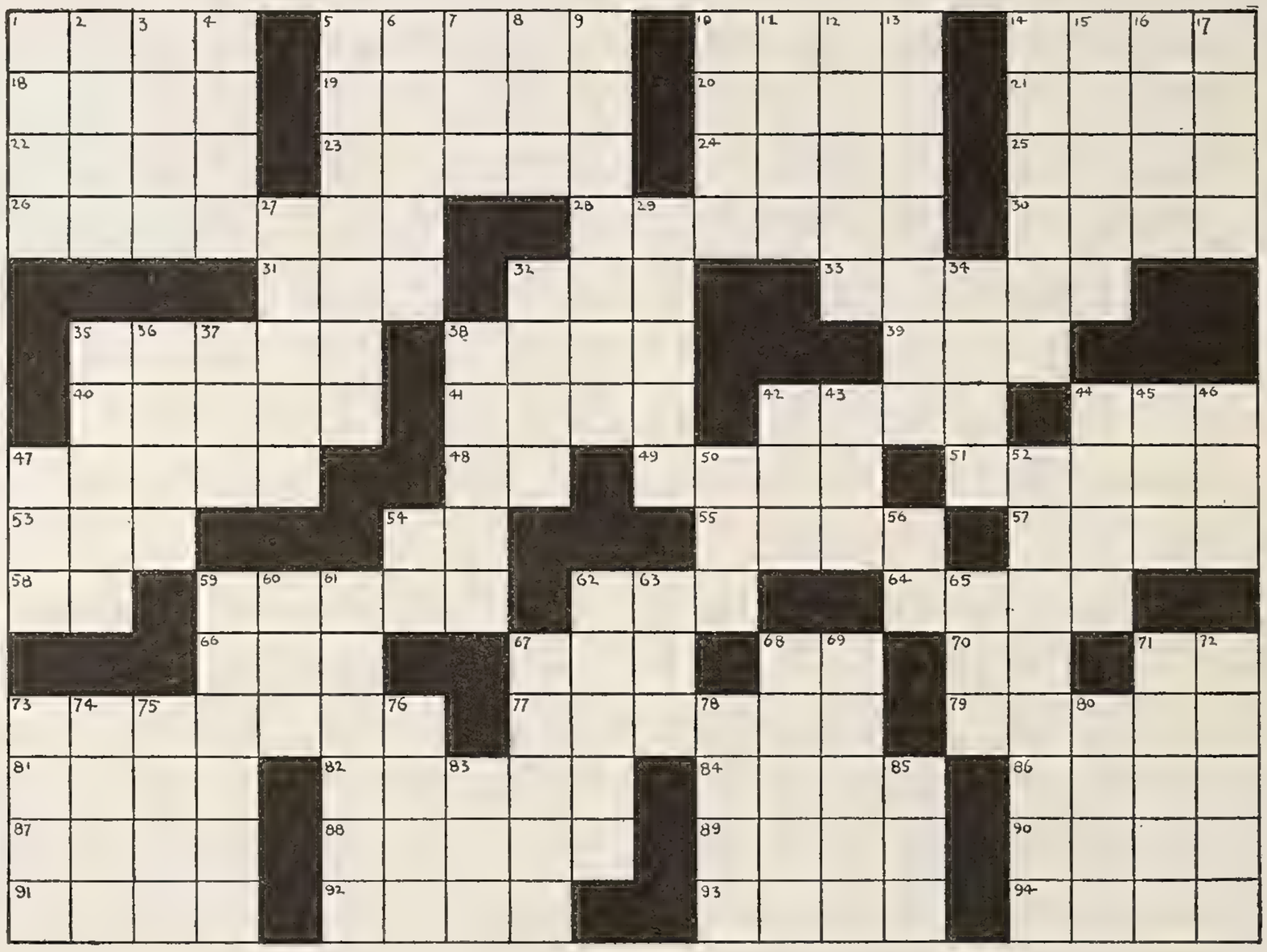
PAID
Rating: GREAT
M-G-M

Just as we went to press, we saw this thrilling, dramatic picture that should rate a page on sheer merit. Once, in silent days, it was filmed as "Within the Law", but don't let that stop you. Joan Crawford, and a splendid cast, make something new, touching, thrilling and beautiful of the story of a girl falsely accused of stealing, who serves her time, then uses her wits to beat society, till love gives her understanding. See this.

A Movie-Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

88 Across



62 Down

29 Down

89 Across

ACROSS

1 A drama.
5 M-G-M actress—last name.
10 The leading man.
14 Alumnus (slang)
18 Choice seat in theatre.
19 To stimulate.
20 To state.
21 Crippled—also descriptive of some movie plots.
22 Genus of olives.
23 Word once used in subtitle to denote time lapse.
24 Grace Moore's first film role.
25 Prophetic sign.
26 Mrs. Edmund Lowe.
28 The famous crooner.
30 Kind of future stars wish for.
31 The final fade-out.
32 Preposition.
33 Actor who made a hit in "Sweetie."
35 To love—as hero loves heroine.
38 Leading man in "Speakeasy."
39 Period of time.
40 "Mother's boy" in "What Price Glory?"
41 What every extra hopes to do.
42 What an English actor drinks with whiskey.
44 Star of "The Veiled Woman," imported by Fox from South America.
47 A Nancy Carroll picture.
48 Conjunction.
49 Juvenile in "Music Master."
51 Mrs. Grant Withers.
53 "Girl of the Shrine" in "The Gaucho."
54 The way a player hopes to go.
55 Amos' partner.
57 Preposition.
58 An actor's favorite word.
59 Rubbish.
62 To blemish.
64 Charity.
66 Possessive pronoun.
67 Conjunction.
68 Pronoun that made Clara famous.
70 Conjunction.
71 Initials of juvenile in "Speakeasy."
73 A movie villain.
77 The hot tamale in "General Crack."
79 What Marie Dressler can do to a picture.
81 Scotch caps.
82 Star in "The Divorcee."
84 Heroine in "Big Boy."
86 Something an actor likes to take while resting.
87 Solo in musical film.
88 The gal who stole "Love Among the Millionaires" from Clara.
89 Juvenile in "Tanned Legs."
90 Actress imported from Sweden some years ago.
91 To depend.
92 What an actor does at meal time.
93 Otherwise.
94 Describing a Hollywood blonde's hair.

DOWN

1 Story of film.
2 Heroine of "Speakeasy."
3 What some stars keep secret.
4 A yes man's favorite word.
5 Hero in "Broadway Babies."
6 Movie villain from way back.
7 Rodent.
8 Consumed.
9 How an actor feels taking a screen test.
10 Actor in "Hell's Angels."
11 Describing the villain's intentions.
12 Heroine in "The Big Parade."
13 Commanded.
14 Star of "The Trespasser."
15 Mexican male star.
16 Villain in "War Nurse."
17 To contradict.
27 How a Jack Oakie film makes you feel.
29 Star in "Sea God."
32 The state of Hollywood weather.
34 Mrs. John Monk Saunders.
35 Over.
36 A Danish actor.
37 Natural mineral.
38 Scenery accessories.
42 Something censors frown on.
43 What no actress wants to be.
44 Gilbert Roland's real name.
45 Something used in signing contracts.
46 A star's bug bear.
47 Edge of heroine's gown.
50 Something you need to hear theme songs.
52 Mrs. Robert Leonard.
54 Ourselves.
56 Garbo's yes.
59 One of "Those Three French Girls."
60 A forbidden drink.
61 A California fruit product.
62 Player of Stella Dallas' daughter.
63 What goes around the heroine.
65 The, in Spanish.
67 What actors try to make for themselves.
68 What heroine represents to hero.
69 What a talkie does.
71 Something used in a star's scrap book.
72 To entreat.
73 A Heavenly—and Hollywood—body.
74 A rodent.
75 A German male star.
76 Heroine of "Jesse James."
78 What a star fears to be.
80 Kind of role some players like.
83 To steep.
85 Last name of many players.

(Want to prove that you did it correctly? All right—turn to page 55.)

Marian Nixon Glorifies—

Clothes for the Girl Who is Short and Sweet

Would You Like to Dres

Being one of the littlest leading women in movies (though a big, very fine actress) Marian Nixon went shopping with Louise Bonney, SILVER SCREEN'S fashion editor, to choose smart, inexpensive clothes for small girls

You don't have to be tall to be exotic. You can go Russian in this bloused two-piece dress. In beige and brown, in red and black or black and white, blue and black, palest turquoise and darker, or in greens, the sleeve and neck banding match the dark skirt, $22.00

Dull black diminishes figures, but shiny black like this highlighted satin makes you appear taller. Note the cute little vest and matching cuffs on this tailored model, $29.50

Contrast this evening dress with the one across the page. This in white crepe and tulle, or all the best pastel evening shades, is cut on clever lines that give the figure both height and slenderness, $25.00

ike Marian Nixon?

Miss Bonney will be glad to buy these dresses just like Miss Nixon's if you will address her in care of this magazine. And she'll give you all the fashion advice on how to dress that Marian gave her if you will write to her asking for it

If the peplum of the white velvet bodice of this gown were cut square, a short girl couldn't wear it. But because it is rounded and because of the charming length of the black velvet skirt, it gives one height and slenderness, $55.00

Marion says she likes this dress because it knows a trick or two. Of gunmetal lame in white, rose and green, it can be worn for very dressy afternoon parties, as witness the standing portrait. But — snap off its long sleeves and it becomes an evening gown. Clever for $49.50?

METRO, in picturing the thrilling novel, "The Great Meadow", shows two of the perils of the pioneers. Above, Indian trouble outside the stockade and alongside, heart trouble within, when John Mack Brown begins looking lovingly at Eleanor Boardman

PORTRAIT of a fighting Irishman, Charles Bickford, temporarily at peace with the world and supervisors, just sitting pretty for his role in "The Passion Flower"

ON THIS and the opposite page—two young people with good habits. In this corner Mr. Chester Morris, Broadway's blessing on the talkies. He started with a great "Alibi". He murdered them in "The Big House". He just about ruined Norma Shearer's life in "The Divorcee" and now in "The Bat Whispers", he's slaying them

IN THIS corner, Miss Carole Lombard, one of the loveliest fair-haired children of Hollywood. Carole figured first in a Sennett bathing suit. A wave of popularity carried her right into a contract with Pathe. Next she was featured by Fox and now old Papa Paramount prefers her. Her most recent picture is "Fast and Loose"

BY REQUEST—Ramon Novarro. Since the days in 1922 when Rex Ingram told the beloved Rudy Valentino that he could pick an unknown extra and make a star of him, Ramon has been triumphant, since he was the extra chosen. A great star of the silent movies, sound has made him even more popular, thanks to the beauty of his glorious voice

She Thanks Her Lucky Stars

Dorothy Arzner is the Movies' Only Woman Director and She's Never Had a Failure

By Dora Albert

Here's the handsome Dorothy Arzner making the handsome Richard Arlen do his stuff. Dorothy started as a film cutter and climbed unaided to her present eminent spot in movieland. She won't talk about herself but she'll rave about the stars she has guided to success

RUTH CHATTERTON is like a skilled musician who when inspired knows what strings to play; she can consciously play on certain emotions of her audience. Clara Bow is at her best when she acts spontaneously, at her worst when she has to repeat a scene over and over.

These are the views of Dorothy Arzner, Paramount's only woman director and for that matter the only woman director of the talkies. She says she tries to live her life utterly without reactions. Positive action is all she is interested in.

It was Dorothy Arzner who directed "The Wild Party", "Sarah and Son", and "Anybody's Woman". She has directed Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow and, in the days before the talkies, Esther Ralston and Nancy Carroll. She has also worked with such general favorites as Fredric March.

"Fredric March," she said, "is a very sincere worker, very natural and very much of a man. I believe he feels the emotion he portrays, which is most unusual for a man!

"Unlike some actors, he does not stand aloof from his part. He really gives himself to his work. He has great freedom of movement and no inhibitions. If he has to shout, he shouts. If he has to run up and down stairs, he runs. But he doesn't fall in love with the women to whom he makes love in the films. He is in love with his own wife, Florence Eldridge."

Of the women stars Dorothy Arzner confesses that she particularly enjoys directing Ruth Chatterton.

"She knows her business. She is a skilled technician. She knows what instruments to play on in order to awaken emotional response.

"Sometimes, of course, it is impossible for the actress to know just what reaction she will get. When Ruth Chatterton in 'Anybody's Woman' played the scenes where she had to get Clive Brook to come out of his drunken spell, we believed these scenes were farce, and that the pathos of the situation would not come through. Ruth Chatterton's audiences saw something more in these scenes than just comedy. There were tears very close to the laughter.

"It is sometimes said that women are more emotional than men. I think that men players are more restrained, but it is a natural restraint.

"I should like to direct some of the men stars, particularly Maurice Chevalier. He would be fun. I suppose the reason I am always given women stars to handle is because that's a man's idea of what a woman's work in pictures should be.

"Most of the pictures I have done have been pictures of feminine appeal. I thought that 'Sarah and Son' would appeal chiefly to women because of its theme, but more men than women personally told me that they liked the picture. I asked them what they [*Continued on page* 61]

More Movietown Topics

[*Continued from page* 33]

THAT old bird Propinquity has been doing his stuff again! This time his victims are Lina Basquette and Harry Richman, both of whom you might describe as on the rebound.

Harry, recovering from his publicity-engagement to Clara Bow, was playing in his night club in New York, when little Lina came out of the West to put on a specialty dance in the club. She, too, was just recuperating from a wrecked romance, having recently received her interlocutory decree of divorce from Peverell Marley.

Soon, Lina and Harry found they liked working together so well they'd try playing together. Now they're both on fire!

* * *

Norma Shearer left her car standing out in front of a store in Hollywood while she went shopping.

When Norma returned from the little orgy of spending some of hubby's money, she found all of her automobile tires had been stolen.

* * *

RUMORS! Rumors! Rumors!

This time it's Ann Harding who is subject for the gossip mart. Whispers are going around Hollywood that the blonde goddess is not satisfied with the rôles being allotted her by Pathé, and is unwilling to continue with her contract.

However, the company is unwilling to release her, and has announced its intention of taking up her next option this month.

* * *

Robert Warwick, stage and screen star, who is making his comeback in the films, has been taking Hazel Mills, extra girl around places—football games and such.

* * *

GARY COOPER is the latest screen luminary to pay the price of popularity with broken health.

The gaunt young gentleman from Montana has been working so consistently that the long hours and heat of the lights have taken their toll. So, he has been withdrawn from the cast of "Dishonored", in which he was scheduled to appear opposite the sultry Marlene Dietrich, and has been ordered to rest until he is fully recovered.

* * *

Harry Langdon may be funny to a lot of people, but he was just a pain in the neck to one Los Angeles man.

Said man is suing Harry for $5192 damages in an auto crash.

* * *

THE infantile Vivian Duncan will be a proud mamma soon. The industrious Hollywood stork is hovering over the Duncan-Asther domicile, and the advent of an heir is expected around April 1.

Meanwhile, Rosetta, the other half of the world-famous Duncan Sisters team, is planning to go into a musical comedy alone.

* * *

STORM clouds which have long hovered around the head of Dolores Del Rio are at last beginning to clear.

The beautiful Mexican actress was stricken with a serious kidney ailment soon after her marriage to Cedric Gibbons. For a time her life was despaired of, but she finally underwent an operation, from which she is recovering rapidly.

* * *

Thelma Todd, lovely light-haired actress, continues to keep the hearts of Ivan Lebedeff, Russian actor, and Harvey Preister, insurance agent, all agog.

Doesn't she look sweet sixteen? Well, she has a son nearly that age; she's played mother to many a star and she knows more about dressing smartly than six ordinary women. Who is she? Hedda Hopper

THERE'S one gentleman who prefers blondes more than ever now!

Paul Zuckerman, husband of the most-preferred Ruth Taylor, is the proud paternal parent of a handsome young son. Ruth and Paul, Jr., who arrived on December 11, are doing nicely, thank you.

* * *

Numa, the dangerous-looking but trained lion, who has appeared in more films than any other animal, died recently at Charley Gay's Lion Farm.

Numa was 16 years old and had earned during a ten-year period in pictures, something like $75,000 for Mr. Gay.

* * *

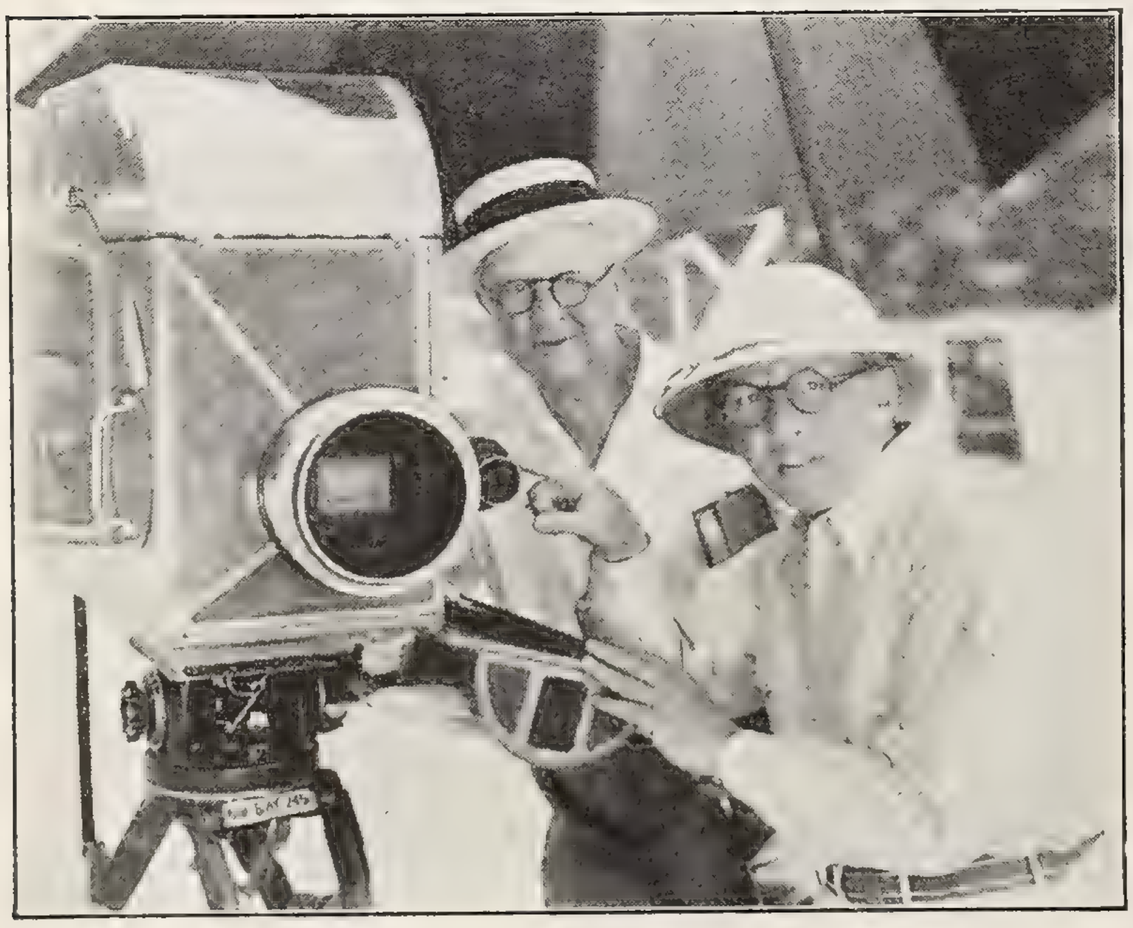
ELSIE JANIS, the "sweetheart of the A. E. F." survived the World War without a scratch. She entertained the boys with bullets whizzing about her head—and never felt a knock.

But Hollywood is something else again. And Elsie's been having rather a hectic time of it.

She was just recovering from a sprained back received in a friendly tussle with Ramon Novarro, when she was bitten by a monkey, a member of the John Ford company.

Elsie started to feed him some peanuts when suddenly he turned without warning and bit her severely on the leg and hand.

There was a doctor close at hand and her wounds were dressed immediately.



These two don't care who makes our laws so long as they can write our songs. Who are they? No less than Otto Harbach, (with the straw hat) and Jerome Kern, who have written the slickest tunes in the world. (And incidentally made themselves millions.)

FIND THE TWIN TOWERS

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $3700.00

AN illustrious Chicago artist presents below his dream conception of the coming Chicago Centennial World's Fair. When he had completed his drawing, to his surprise he found he had drawn two of the towers exactly alike—IDENTICAL TWIN TOWERS. There are well over two dozen towers here. Many of them look alike. But—only two towers or buildings among those numbered are exactly alike—exactly alike in size, shape, width and design. How quick is your eye? Can you find the TWIN TOWERS? Be careful now. It will not obligate you in any way, or cost you anything to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address to qualify for these prizes. Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h.p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid as first prize, with an extra prize of $850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of $3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER
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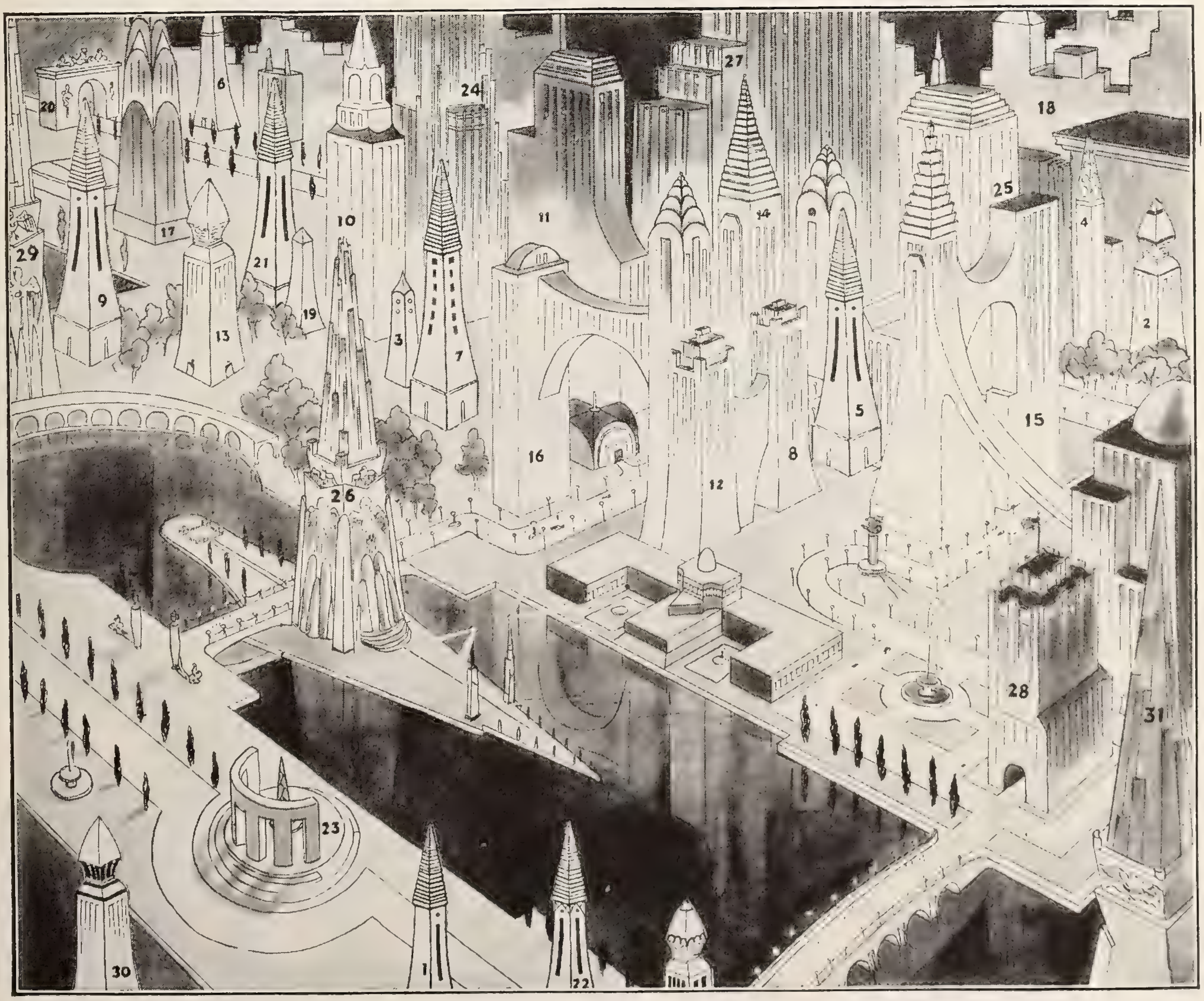


ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO CENTENNIAL WORLD'S FAIR

ASK ME ANOTHER

By

Sally Forth

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CURIOUS: There's at least one in every magazine. Yes, I mean you, Curious.

Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett are all the daughters of Richard Bennett, one of the deans of the American drama. And they all have personality plus.

Constance is the oldest, next comes Barbara, the brunette, who is married to Morton Downey, and youngest is Joan. Joan always carries a lorgnette, not to be Ritzy, but because she is near-sighted.

GARBO-ITE: Yes, Greta seems to be the most popular gal in pictures today. Who says mystery doesn't pay? She's really a most remarkable woman, the way she has been able to do what she wants even in Hollywood, where people are supposed to do the accepted thing.

Her next picture has a swell title, "Inspiration."

NINGA: Thanks for all your kind words. We'll try to keep up the good work.

James Rennie is about thirty-two years old, and is a little over six feet tall. Sounds good, doesn't it? You can see him next in "Adios", with Richard Barthelmess, and then he's going to be "Broadminded". After which, there's a possibility that he may do "Captain Blood", from Sabatini's well-known novel.

Lillian Roth has left Paramount. There's lots of gossip about temperament, but I wouldn't want to say Lil gets mad or anything. Her last picture for them was "Sea Legs"—and you see legs plenty in it!

WEARY WILLIE: Are you asking me my favorite star? Boy, boy, do I sound that dumb? I like 'em all, especially the handsome ones. I'm that human!

Ramon Navarro was born in Mexico—and he's really as nice off the screen as on. He lives with his many brothers and sisters in a quiet section of Los Angeles and doesn't go in for many social affairs. Just between us, I think he likes little Dorothy Jordan more than he admits. She's played opposite him in his last three pictures, you know.

EMMIE LOU: Yes, there are lots of Southerners in pictures. Dorothy Sebastian is just one of many. But Dot's a great girl. She's never seemed to get the breaks she deserves, but always gives a flawless performance. And who knows what's around the corner for her?

At one time she was engaged to Clarence Brown, Garbo's favorite director, but that's been cold for some time. Now he's sweet on Sally Blane and Dot's big moment is Bill Boyd, Elinor Fair's ex. You need an almanac to get around in Hollywood.

DON B: The role of the detective in "Broadway" was played by Thomas E. Jackson, who also enacted the same part in the original stage production. Glenn Tryon was the hoofer, and Merna Kennedy, the girl.

FRANKLIN DAVIS: Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago some thirty-odd years ago, on March 27. Her first picture was "Elvira Farina" (no relation to the breakfast-food), and was produced by the old Essanay Company. Then, glorious Gloria went down to the sea in bathing-girl comedies, and later became dramatic for Paramount. Her first films under her contract with that organization were "Don't Change Your Husband", and "Male and Female", in which she aided in the glorification of the great American bathtub. "The Trespasser" was her first talking picture.

I've never looked over her shoulder when Gloria made out her income tax returns, but something tells me she's able to buy all the shoes she needs.

Renee Adoree was born on a circus-lot in Lille, France, on Sept. 1, 1901. Poor Renee is still in the sanitarium, fighting a game battle for her health. Why don't you write to her at M-G-M? I'm sure she'd adore to hear from her fans.

TIDDLE-DE-WINKS: Now I ask you, is it nice to ask a lady her age? Even though I *am* a good friend of Joan's, I'd hate to be so er-er-

In her next picture Marie Dressler tells the truth about Reducing. The best thing, says Marie, is to give up all meal order business

forward! But her press agent tells me that she's twenty-two. And you can believe it or not! There's no doubt about it, the gal is going to stay at the top. Just wait until you see her latest picture, "Paid". It's a wow!

DOROTHY HILL: No, Janet Gaynor has not left the screen for the stage. At present she's just completed "The Man Who Came Back", in which her old partner, Charlie Farrell, appears opposite.

Poor little Clara Bow! She honestly and truly is one of the sweetest, most generous-hearted kids in the world—but all she gets is bad publicity. Her hair is naturally dark brown but she has dyed it red for picture purposes—it photographs better that way. As to her private life, she really lives very quietly and goes out very little. She probably attends fewer Hollywood parties than any other star of her importance in pictures.

Here are the pictures Clara Bow appeared in before she became "IT": "Beyond the Rainbow", "Down to the Sea in Ships", "Maytime", "Black Oxen", "Kiss Me Again", "Poisoned Paradise", "Free to Love", "The Lawful Cheater", "My Lady's Lips", "Capital Punishment", "Eve's Lover", "This Woman", "Wine", "The Primrose Path", "Daughter of Pleasure", "Two Can Play", "The Two Gates", "The Adventurous Sex", "My Lady of Whims", "The Keeper of the Bees", "The Scarlet West", "The Ancient Mariner", "The Best Bad Man", "Black Lightning", "Parisian Love", "The Plastic Age", "Empty Hearts", "Helen's Babies", "The Great Sensation", "Dancing Mothers", "The Runaway", "Mantrap", "Kid Boots", and then she made "It".

Mary Pickford hasn't made a picture since "The Taming of the Shrew", but is working on "Kiki" right now. And Lila Lee is still in the sanitarium—poor girl, she's making a game fight!

LILA KOHN: Kathryn Crawford has been in pictures for quite some time—under contract to Universal, from which company she was borrowed by Paramount for her role in "Safety in Numbers". At present she's free-lancing, but her last Universal pictures were "King of Jazz", "The Climax", "Hideout", "Senor Americano", and "Mountain Justice".

As to Lew Ayres, you can find out all about him in his life-story, which begins in this issue. Everybody wants to know about Lew, he's that popular.

MISS CURIOSITY OF WISCONSIN: Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers are not engaged—just good friends. That's what they tell me, and they ought to know. And the same is true of Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell—but I have my doubts about them. Whenever Charlie goes away he leaves his Packard and his boat in Virginia's care—and that looks heart throbbing to me.

Greta Garbo is a mere infant of twenty-five, despite her wise and thrilling looks.

How To Make-Up

[*Continued from page 6*]

the glory of a woman like Garbo is in that grand, generous mouth which she makes up so completely that it gives her character and personality, and that is much more important in modern beauty than a baby doll look.

We're all finding out that personality is the big thing, and very right we are, too. And a make-up that makes you interesting, rather than merely pretty, is smarter right now.

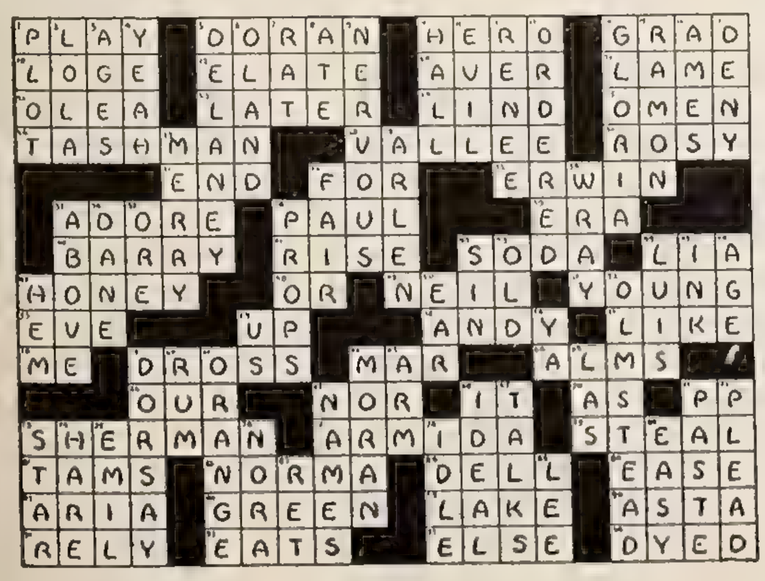
After making up your mouth put a little touch of eyeshadow over your eyelids. If your eyes are far apart put a touch of eyeshadow at the inner corners of each eye. If they are close together do the opposite.

When all this is done slap on your powder. I mean just that. Take your nice clean powder puff, dip it into your powder and slap it on to your face. This is much better than rubbing it in. You'll seem to have too much on but brush it off with a soft skin brush or a piece of cotton. Take off your final powder from your eyelashes and eyebrows—give them a little touch of mascara, accentuate the hidden paste rouge with a little dry rouge—put a little fresh lipstick on your mouth and you're all ready. Take the towel from your head, fluff out your hair, look in the glass and you'll see a girl who is still yourself but looking particularly lovely, since all your hidden beauty has been brought forth for the world to admire and love.

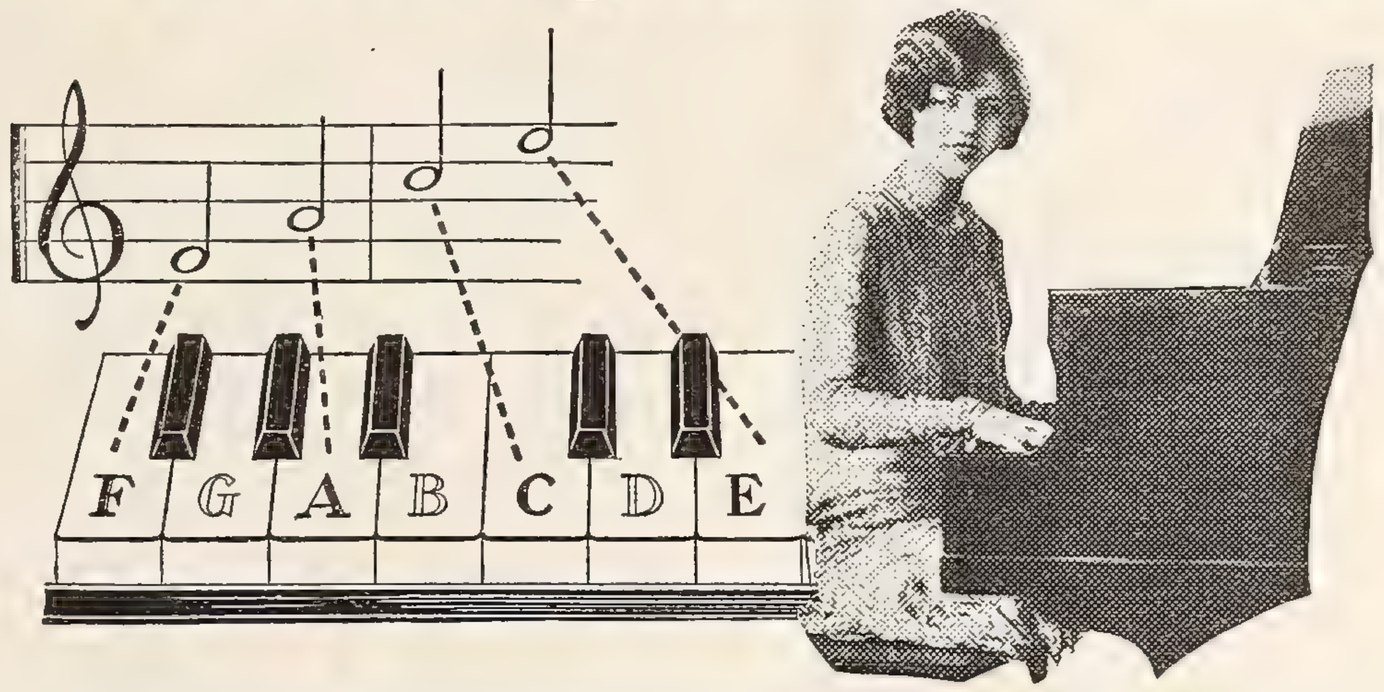
ONE final word of caution and then I'm through for this month. No matter how tired you are, always be sure to remove your make-up before retiring. It is only the work of a moment or two to take off make-up, particularly if you use cold cream or liquid cleansers, but oh, the difference it makes to your skin in the morning. And a good skin first, last and always is the basis for a flattering appearance.

Next month in answer to your many requests I'll write on Reducing—menus, diets, exercises and little tricks that will help you to slenderness.

HERE'S HOW YOU SHOULD HAVE WORKED THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 42:



To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

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Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over 600,000 people in all parts of the world?

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The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the favorites that formerly you only *listened* to.

And you're never in hot water. First you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something," you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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527 W. 7th LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

DEPT. 40

HOLLYWOOD'S RULES FOR LOVE

JOAN CRAWFORD

[*Continued from page* 16]

to find another woman's powder on her husband's coat lapel. That coat, too, will always be clean and in press, and his shoes shined.

"I love thoughtfulness in a man. Every woman is pleased with little attentions. They mean so much and they take so little time and effort from a man. When you dine out with a man he should see that the dinner is properly served and that you are seated comfortably where you can see or be seen—as you like best. In other words, really think what will please you before considering what will please him.

"Speaking candidly, I have a mania for those little attentions. I want to be noticed, but I am not a show-off. I imagine I am like every other woman. Supposing I come downstairs to meet a man with whom I am dining. I am wearing a new gown and I had hoped to please him. Then he doesn't notice it at all and I feel that sickening sense of disappointment. There's nothing to be done unless I fall back on that last resort—the half-in-jest and all-in-earnest remark, 'I guess you don't think I look well tonight'. But, no matter what he says then, the edge has been taken away from the evening.

"If men only know, or more important still, if they could only remember, how important those little things are to a woman.

"For some reason I am mentioning intelligence rather far down the line. But it is not a case of 'last shall be least'. Intelligence is a vital necessity, not a mere lovable quality. I have the greatest respect in the world for keen intelligence, a well-rounded, broad viewpoint on life. I love a sense of humor in anyone, particularly in a man. I know that the man with a sense of humor makes a far better life's companion than the man without it.

"Consideration for others is a wonderful quality in a man. It is bound to endear him to women. That quality becomes doubly important after marriage. I have never forgotten a time when I returned from the studio, dead tired. Douglas hadn't been working that day and I knew he had planned on going to a party that night. I tried to get dressed. He knew how exhausted I was and he insisted that we cancel our engagement. We put on old clothes and drove down to the beach for dinner. I don't think that either of us have ever had a better time. Naturally, it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. A man has every right to expect consideration from a woman.

"I have told you what I love in a man. There are three things that I hate, too. I can't endure rudeness, surliness and a bad, uncontrolled temper.

"Don't think that I object to a little honest temperament in a man. I wouldn't care for one who was incapable of genuine anger. There are times when a man has reason to be moody and maybe just a little bit cross. I don't mind. However, he doesn't have to be surly about it.

"There are qualities I admire in all the men stars on the M-G-M lot, something outstanding in each that I have found worthwhile. You get to know and understand people when you work with them for several weeks on a picture.

"In Ramon Novarro I find courtesy, unfailing and completely natural, and those little attentions which I have said I liked. Ramon admires your gown. He helps you on with your coat and he picks up your gloves.

"With John Gilbert it is his magnificent vitality. It is so overwhelming that it passes on to you. I have worked with him in pictures. Sometimes I have been ready to drop after long, exhausting scenes, yet, when I worked with Jack, the wornout nerves were all gone. I felt vital, too. And everyone around him feels the same.

"A marvelous, irrepressible sense of humor—that is William Haines' greatest quality. I think he would find something to laugh at if the whole world fell about him. And, as I have said, a sense of humor is a great thing. I like the small boy that is in Bill, too. No woman objects to the boy in a man. She may not like it if the boyishness becomes childishness. I don't believe I would.

"What are the things I admire most in Douglas, my husband? It wouldn't be fair to take him as an example. But, you know, I believe I have unconsciously been telling you what I love in Douglas instead of what I admire in men in general."

GARY COOPER

[*Continued from page* 17]

from morning until late at night, but their pride and interest in their home was none the less because they were absent from it so much.

"I like a good disposition in a woman. I don't exactly mean a placid one. That would get dull after a time. A little temperament is all right if it is mixed with a little common sense. I have never known a woman with a one-hundred-percent perfect disposition. I'm not sure that I would be interested if I did meet her. You have to have a little variety in this life. Spice, you know.

"Perhaps, since I am not exactly the life of every party myself, I admire vivacity in a woman. I like to see liveliness, vitality and the ability to keep people interested in what she is saying or doing.

"Naturally, every man loves beauty in a woman. Beauty has a universal appeal, but every man is not looking solely for beauty. In a way, the extremely beautiful girl is handicapped. So much more is expected of her. Equal perfection is demanded of her in intelligence and disposition. Isn't it true that people associate beauty and dumbness?

"Rather than beauty I would want a girl who would be a comrade, one who would enjoy the things I like. I guess what I mean is that hard-working word 'compatibility'. If beauty went along with this greater quality, I wouldn't actually object, you understand.

"SOME DAY I want to leave Hollywood. I like ranch life. I like to get away from people and live in the open. Even now I seldom go to parties. If I marry, under those conditions, you see I will have to find compatibility in the girl. She will have to like other things than the society of many people. Little niceties of city civilization couldn't mean everything in the world to her.

"Most women place greater stress on society than most men. I don't object to it. Everyone is gregarious to some extent. But social ambition and uncontrolled desire for gaiety is not what I most admire in a woman. There's a lot of difference between enjoying friends and just a futile seeking for noise and crowds.

"I do admire a woman with the ability to meet all kinds of people. I admire ease of manner in anybody. The ideal woman should be able at least to appear at home in the finest drawing-room and in the one-room cabin of a mountaineer. And to make those around her comfortable, too.

"I don't imagine many men expect complete frankness in a woman. She is *supposed* to be complex and hard to understand. I do look for faithfulness and honesty. If you can't have that, what chance has any relationship?

"Thoughtfulness and unselfishness are great things in a woman. Every woman expects those things in a man, and it works both ways.

"Perhaps it isn't particularly admirable, but I like to be babied once in a while. Sure, I admit it. Every man likes being babied. I would hate to say that I would *expect* to be babied, but I would expect the thoughtfulness that means the maternal quality in woman.

"I don't say that what I would love in a woman is what every other man would love. Certain qualities are admired by everyone, but some men would place more stress on one thing, others on an entirely different quality. And it's a good thing that this is so. Otherwise, a few girls would be entirely too popular."

A Bad Girl Makes Good

[*Continued from page 27*]

not very long ago.

"I had been spending the week-end visiting friends at Southampton and arrived in town early Monday morning just in time to check in on my new job. Everything went very smoothly all day and I was just congratulating myself on my quick adaptability when six dresses were reported missing from the racks. Of course, no one accused me *BUT* . . . I was a new girl . . . I had arrived that morning with a valise . . . the evidence was all against me. If I had stolen the entire store I couldn't have felt—nor looked—more guilty. I was so embarrassed I never went back. I'm sure to this day they suspect me of 'taking ways'.

Right about this time Kay fell in love again. This time with Allan Ryan, Jr., of the Social Register Ryans. They became engaged and Kay flashed a solitaire large enough to illuminate Madison Square Garden. But Allan and his family objected to Kay's continuing her career. And Kay was just beginning to become really interested in it. Besides, she knew that she could never stand the boredom of a Park Avenue matron's life. So she returned the ring (which is not according to Lorelei Lee a'tall, a'tall!) and took up bachelor girl quarters with her two friends, Lois Long, the present Mrs. Peter Arno and Katherine Swan, now on the scenario staff of Paramount Pictures.

They didn't live in Greenwich Village but they were poor and struggling "artists" just the same—their combined earnings just managing to meet the monthly rent. Lois and "Swannie" were always trying to marry Kay off to a dozen or more of the millionaires who wore off the welcome on her doormat every night. Neither of them had much confidence in her acting ability and felt that with her beauty, a brilliant marriage was her metier.

All this happened B. T. (before talkies) so pictures never occurred to any of them. Long before, Kay had taken a silent test for the vamp role in "Sorrows of Satan". She wore a blonde wig. The result was enough to make Kay vow that she would never appear on the screen again. Instead, she went to Cincinnati and joined Stuart Walker's stock company, the kindergarten of all first-grade players.

After serving a rigid apprenticeship of two seasons, Kay returned to Broadway and appeared in "Crime" with Kay Johnson, Chester Morris and James Rennie and in "Elmer, the Great", with Walter Huston.

IT WAS during the run of this play that Paramount was combing the town for someone to play the female menace in "Gentlemen of the Press". Kay was approached for a test. She turned it down in polite, albeit no uncertain, terms. Her unfailing memory recalled all too vividly the nightmare of her first test! Paramount pleaded and cajoled and Kay hedged with all sorts of excuses—broken ankles, sprained ribs and even housemaid's knee. It was Walter Huston's persuasive powers that finally won her over. She appeared in "Gentlemen of the Press", vamping with sound.

When Kay first went to Hollywood, she was determined to save her money. She rented a small bungalow in Beverly Hills. A colored maid, Ida, was her only accessory.

Other actresses returned to Broadway flat broke. Not Kay! In less than a year she had saved a tidy sum. She still lives in the same bungalow and still has the same maid, although her living expenses have since been increased by one yellow Ford coupe, called "Rabbit" because it goes in leaps and bounds; two Persian cats, "Mitzi" and "Tibs"; a canary named "Napoleon"; a Boston Bull christened "Caesar"; a wire-haired terrier whose godfather is William Powell and whose name is "Snifter"; and seven fish—known as the Seven Vestal Virgins.

ALTHOUGH she has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, Kay doesn't spend half her salary on her wardrobe. She never makes an "entrance" and yet, when she enters a room, she is immediately the cynosure of all eyes. Everything she does is effortless—with no striving for effect.

Shoes are her greatest hobby. At the last census there were more than 75 pair. She doesn't own any diamonds and never wears anything in silver and platinum. Despite her brunette beauty, she claims she is a "golden" girl.

Although she is on every host and hostess list in Hollywood, she doesn't go in for a continual round of parties. She has a small group of friends, the John Cromwells (Kay Johnson), the Arthur Hornblows, the Louis Bromfields, the Edmund Lowes, with whom she likes to dine informally.

She adores music. When she was a child it was her mother's fondest hope that she would be a genius at the piano. Kay wanted to be a trapeze artist and wear pink tights. Both have since recuperated from their respective disappointments. Kay now occupies a box at the Hollywood Bowl during the summer months and at the opera during the season. Her escort on these musical evenings is usually Mrs. MacKenna's little boy, Kenneth.

Kay's cup would be overbrimming now if she could only see New York again. She hasn't been back for almost two years and no anodyne but a return trip will cure her nostalgia She is hoping that in a very imminent future she will be allowed to make a picture at the Paramount New York Studios . . . and then, excuse her dust!

Many of Kay's friends, however, have crossed the desert sands to help assuage her homesickness. They report that she is still the same Kay—sweet, unspoiled, unaffected, evidencing no traces of "going Hollywood." This, in the nature of things, is not surprising. Popularity and adulation have always been hers and her grand sense of humor would never allow her to take herself too seriously. In other words, she doesn't think she is important.

Which, really, is the most important thing about her.

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Suiting the Boys

[*Continued from page* 37]

notched lapels that roll all the way down; and all modestly priced between $175 and $200 each.

And, by the way, Buddy's clothes all have natural shoulders now—no padding nor stuffing of any sort.

It's a great day for his tailor when Robert Montgomery comes along. For an order for six or eight suits at one crack means nothing in his young life.

His latest sartorial orgy resulted in a complete fall wardrobe—even including a cutaway and striped trousers for church and formal day wear. As if a day is ever formal in Hollywood!

After the cutaway, Bob cast his eyes upon flannels—and was lost. He ordered four suits of that material, a dark blue, a light blue, a brown and a gray—all double-breasted.

"Bob is so slender," Mr. Watson explained, "we nearly always make his coats double-breasted because they make him look heavier. And he has his trousers cut very full and always has a buckle put on each side of the waistband so he can tighten them that way and doesn't have to wear either a belt or suspenders.

"It's very seldom we get a chance to fit Bob's clothes in our shop," Mr. Watson went on. "He works so constantly that usually we have to take the works out to the studio and try them on him between shots. Lots of times they've held up production until we got through trying on his clothes."

There was a large portrait of Basil Rathbone displayed prominently over Mr. Watson's desk, so when the original sauntered in, no one had to hiss "attendez" at me.

Mr. Rathbone ordered a double-breasted dark gray flannel with a light stripe, two brown Harris tweeds, a double-breasted light blue worsted, two blue serges—one single and one double-breasted, a dark blue full dress suit, a dinner suit, a light cream-colored camel's hair overcoat and a blue guardsman's overcoat.

"That guy shouldn't need any clothes for the next five years," I murmured resentfully to Mr. Watson, as Mr. Rathbone strolled out.

"You think so?" was the answer. "Take a look at this."

And he showed me the ledger-sheet bearing Mr. Rathbone's name—and believe it or not, during the one year he was in Hollywood, Mr. Rathbone paid into the coffers of Watson and Son over $7,000 for suits and overcoats alone. Not to mention his purchases of sundry shirts, hats and shoes from the other Hollywood haberdasheries.

While still more or less in the coma induced by Mr. Rathbone's extravagances, a soft "Gut efening" in a feminine voice announced the sultry Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by the ever-present Josef von Sternberg. She went into a fitting-room alone, and presently emerged in the full-dress suit which she had ordered for use in "Morocco". Incidentally, you who have seen the picture know that she can wear a dress suit with more aplomb than the average male.

Frau Dietrich and "Von" had hardly closed the door behind them when Arthur Lake bounded in to have a tuck taken in the sleeves of a new camel's hair overcoat he had just bought. When he bends over he looks like some woolly animal and I'm quite sure he'll be shot for a bear when the hunting season opens.

The coat is large enough to keep Arthur and a couple of his friends warm at the same time. But whether the extra coverage is for boy or girl friends he doesn't say. However, I have recollections of Arthur's preference for blondes.

He ordered a couple of new suits while waiting for the coat to be altered. In curious contrast to the parts he plays, Arthur invariably selects neat, conservative clothes and will have nothing tricky about them. Which makes me think that sisters are occasionally of some use in the the world—they can be *so* critical!

Arthur recently had a dark overcoat made to wear with his evening clothes but he has never had it on because he's afraid it's too extreme.

And then there's Rod La Rocque, who has more suits than any other man in Hollywood. One day before he left for New York to begin rehearsals for the stage play he and his wife, Vilma Banky, are doing, he came in to Mr. Watson's fashion emporium looking not angry but terribly, terribly hurt.

"Look, here," he said. "I'm not entirely satisfied with the way my clothes look on the screen."

I gasped. If there is one man in town who has the reputation of never making a sartorial error, it's Rod.

"What's the trouble?" he was asked.

"I'll tell you," Rod explained. "They look great on me in the flesh but on the screen every wrinkle is magnified to two or three times its actual size. Let's see if we can work out something a little different."

"Suppose you let us make you up one suit according to our own ideas," Watson *fils* suggested. "Something, perhaps, not so typically English, which will give you plenty of room and yet do away with those wrinkles around the arms."

Mr. La Rocque agreed and the suit was rushed through in two days. When it was delivered Rod had a screen test made of himself in it. Next morning his valet arrived with his entire wardrobe to be remodeled along the lines of the new suit. The alteration bill was somewhere in the neighborhood of $500.00.

My investigations had been very pleasant so far—but one morning I received an invitation to accompany the Watsons out to Lawrence Tibbett's—at six in the morning. Mr. Tibbett had gone from "The New Moon" to work on "The Southerner" without a day's interim, and there had been no chance to order new clothes.

Mrs. Tibbett proved that she was the one wife in a lifetime by being up at that ungodly hour to see the job well-done. She hovered solicitously about and chatted cheerfully with Lawrence to take his mind off the tedious business of standing still while one suit after another was pinned and basted.

Warner Baxter is another who looks to his fashion laurels. But beyond discovering that he likes light shades of blue, tan and brown worsteds, and has his clothes cut to fit snugly, I found no royal road to elegance in his tastes. I suppose it's not a case of clothes making the man—it's just how he wears 'em.

More given to frills and foibles is Hugh Trevor, who oozes about Hollywood in a camel's hair overcoat that set him back $295. At one sitting (or do I mean fitting?) Hugh gave the Watsons an order for a double-breasted gray flannel with pleated trousers, a four-piece suit of a sort of changeable gaberdine, single-breasted, with a belted back and inverted pleats, the whole thing hand-stitched, a cafe-au-lait single-breasted flannel with a herringbone weave and a double-breasted electric blue flannel with an invisible hairstripe.

Neil Hamilton, Frank Albertson, Raymond Hackett, Cliff (Ukelele Ike) Edwards, David Manners, Robert Armstrong and Harry Bannister (husband of the bee-yu-ti-ful Ann Harding), all wear about the same type of clothes—the sort a successful business man in any American city might choose. Nothing extreme in the patterns—nothing exotic in the cut—just the quiet simplicity of tailoring that denotes inherent good taste.

And there's another way in which most of our screen Lotharios are brothers under the skin to the rest of male America. Those who are married usually wear ties selected by their wives. Need we say more?

The Resurrection of Lupe

[*Continued from page* 15]

"People think I'm sick. I used to laugh and fool around on the set and off. But, now I'm sad. I used to have fun at night, when work was done, but now I go to bed exhausted."

I might have thought that Lupe was posing and exaggerating her devotion to her art—even dramatizing herself as she talked—if I hadn't seen her in the dim light of the deserted stage an hour before, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

I might be inclined to laugh at the little hoyden who suddenly turned dramatic actress if I hadn't known her early history—a story of suffering, tragedy, sordidness and poverty. Lupe says you have to suffer before you can be a clown and her life proves her statement.

Lupe relates:

"At fourteen I went to work. I was a shop-girl. My father, a colonel in the Mexican army, was killed during a revolution. My mother was an obscure opera singer. There were three sisters and a brother. We lived in a small town, San Luis Potosi, two days' travel from Mexico City.

"One day I shook the dust of that little town from my feet, turned toward Mexico City, and said:

" 'Here I am, world. You've got to like me'. "

Today, at twenty—six years later—she is repeating the same words in her mind. Lupe, dramatic actress and ex-clown, after years of struggle and privation, has an inferiority complex of the first water.

This feeling of inferiority, particularly as far as her work is concerned, colors her life in the face of the fact that she has found love, riches and a home in the capital of filmdom.

I had learned, before seeing her, that Carewe had selected six women whom he believed could do the part, but was not satisfied. They had the handicap of improving on the work of Dolores Del Rio who, playing opposite Rod La Rocque, made the silent version of "Resurrection" a triumph.

Furthermore, Carewe literally battled Lupe to make her take the rôle. Reluctantly, she capitulated.

"I was frightened. I thought the part was too big for me," she told me. "I thought of Dolores and came to the conclusion that I couldn't possibly achieve the heights she had reached. I thought I would be an anti-climax."

Then Carewe began going over her lines with her. As she absorbed the character of Maslova, she forgot about herself and her fear fell away from her. In its place came the deep, sympathetic understanding of the woman whom she was to portray.

Carewe worked with her day after day, drilling into her the meaning of the work which she was to undertake.

One of the problems she faced in the picture was the changing of her voice three times—mechanical problems which were left to her. No cigarettes and plenty of concentration produced the voice of the pure, unsophisticated girl who lives in the first phases of "Resurrection".

Next, she was forced to change the tone and timbre of her voice so that she portrayed a woman of the streets, without hope, without regard for anything or anyone, trying to forget the unhappiness she knew following the death of the baby of the man she loved more than all else in the world.

Shooting began after she had realized that she and Maslova had become one.

"After that, it was not acting," she said, "it was a matter of living again the life which Maslova had led."

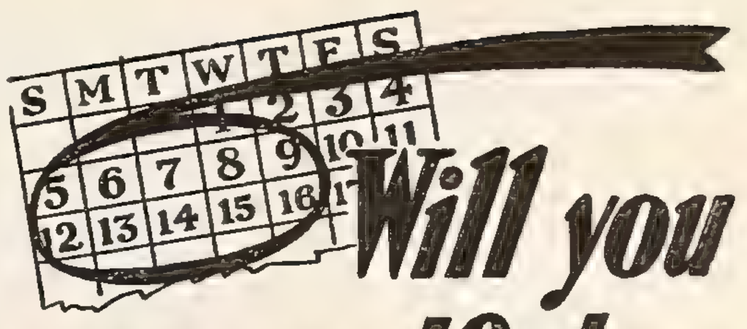
At rest, she is calm, tranquil, these days. Her face is quiet and shows little trace of emotion. Usually, she almost mumbles her lines. After she has done so several times, she casts aside her "rehearsal personality" and becomes Maslova. Her face changes. Her voice changes. Her whole body and personality change.

Before leaving Lupe and Carewe and Universal City I saw the rushes of the picture, had a chance to compare the voluptuous Lupe of other days, toasted for her clowning, but crying behind her laughter, to the wistful wisp of a Mexican girl who stands so close to fame.

And I saw her as a little girl of fourteen, leaving her home, lifting her arms to the heavens and saying:

"Here I am, world. You've got to like me."

I realized then why Edwin Carewe, the astute director, was able to strip her of one personality and give her another for "Resurrection".



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My Life—Lew Ayres

[*Continued from page* 14]

and I looked in the door at the dancers.

An awfully pretty girl smiled at me. She was with an elderly lady. I've noticed girls are usually brave about flirting a little when they think they're safe and you can't get to them. But she was too pretty to let things go so easily so I walked in and straight over to her, greeted her as though we were old friends and asked her to dance.

Ivan Kahn, the agent, saw us dancing together. He recognized her as an actress (although I didn't know who she was) and thought because I was dancing with her I must be an actor. He stopped me on the way out and asked me to come up to his office to see him. When I got up there the next Monday he told me he would handle my career.

"Surely," I thought, "nothing but blue skies from now on. I've got an agent. Let him do the worrying. He'll get me work."

But he couldn't. After stringing me along for a couple of months, Mr. Datig sent for me and arranged for my test. Mary Brian worked with me in it.

The next day Ivan and I went over to see how it had turned out. Mr. Datig looked at me and *laughed*. "You'd be damned good in a Christie comedy," he said.

"Why—why, didn't it turn out good?" I stammered.

"Good? Good and rotten. When I talked to you I thought you had something, but you mugged so in front of that camera it would take years to straighten you out." And he laughed again.

I went in to see the test and it was pretty awful. The only thing that consoled me was that the director had told me about a thousand things to do and I hadn't forgotten one of them. And I didn't "break up" in either the first or second "take". I went right straight through with the action.

I was broken-hearted and that laugh of Fred Datig's simply crucified me. Yet, I suppose it was what I needed for it cured me of mugging. I've never cut a face at a camera since.

Meanwhile nothing happened and my board bill kept mounting up. When I was with the orchestra I had accumulated about a thousand dollars' worth of instruments and everyone of them was in hock. The only thing I had left to pawn was my wardrobe and I wouldn't part with even a necktie. I'd have starved first. That was my stock in trade.

Ivan went out to see Paul Bern at Pathe about me, as he heard they were putting on some juveniles. Mr. Bern promised to have a test made of me.

But more time passed and nothing happened. The family I was living with decided they couldn't carry me any longer and rented my room. I packed up my clothes and put my trunks in the back of my car. I hadn't an idea where I was going to sleep that night as I hadn't a dollar to make a deposit on a room.

Just as I was leaving the house Ivan phoned and told me to go out to Pathe: they were going to make my test.

I went on out with my trunks still in the back of my old wreck and made the test. Edmund Goulding, who later directed Gloria Swanson in 'The Trespasser' and Nancy Carroll in 'The Devil's Holiday' directed me that day.

I don't know why, but I was so sure they were going to sign me that I borrowed five dollars on the strength of my hunch and went to a little hotel that night. Next day they did give me a contract.

The papers ran a couple of pictures of me announcing that Pathe had signed me and I got five fan letters. I answered them all and sent the first one a large photograph autographed 'To my first fan'. She lived in Long Beach and sent me back a photo of herself autographed 'From your first fan'. That photograph still hangs on my living-room wall.

My Pathe contract wasn't to start until January first. It was about the middle of December then so I went home for Christmas. I was riding high.

A bona fide contract and fan mail. I was 'in pictures' at last! I thought every thing was going to be glorious. For my peace of mind, it was well that I couldn't foresee what lay ahead.

Next month you go from poverty to his final triumph with Lew Ayres—from his disappointments to his first great chance with Garbo and the lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front", told in Lew's own fearless manner. Don't miss this exciting installment in the March* SILVER SCREEN, *on the newsstands February 10th.

Silver Screen's Big Slogan Contest

WERE you in the big SILVER SCREEN slogan contest which closed at midnight January 10th?

What a contest it was—offering $500 for five little words, or for a sub-title for our young magazine.

The slogans have poured in by the tens of thousands, not only from every state in the United States, but from every country in the world. It's been thrilling and exciting sitting here every day watching them coming in—hundreds and hundreds of them in each mail.

Very few contestants sent in only one slogan. One interested reader sent in 169 all in one mail!

But now the fun begins for the judges. They are working day and night going through the vast number of slogans that have been submitted to find just exactly the right one.

Watch SILVER SCREEN on the newsstands the 10th of each month for further announcements. And thank you all, from the bottom of my heart for your co-operation and interest.

R. W.

She Thanks Her Lucky Stars

[*Continued from page* 51]

liked about it and almost invariably they said it was the little boy. Men like boys—in pictures, anyway.

"Men are more sentimental than women, but women like sentimental pictures better than men do. Women like great human stories that treat of the life they know. As a rule they do not care for pictures of the underworld, because it is a stratum of life with which most women have had no contacts. But most men have brushed against the underworld in one way or another and their imagination is more open to pictures of this kind. Pictures like 'Underworld', 'Journey's End', and 'Gentlemen of the Press' are essentially man pictures.

"But pictures that are most successful must strike major notes. 'Sarah and Son' dealt with the universal theme of mother love. I liked it personally because it was the human document of Sarah. I was interested in Sarah as a human being rather than just as a mother.

"THE most universal theme of all is love. That is why it is used in almost all pictures.

"Because pictures strike these universal notes, movie fans have sometimes been described as having little intelligence. Personally I think that's libelous. The people who attend movies know what they want better than the people who make them.

"If you find something really good, the mass will like it. None will be led astray who consults its tastes. We are all sufficiently alike so that if a director considers what appeals to him as a human being when he isn't being snobbishly arty, he'll get what appeals to other human beings. Few good pictures have ever failed.

"Talking pictures are more interesting to direct than silent pictures because they bring you closer to the mind of the player. But silent pictures were more difficult to direct because it is hard to tell a story entirely in pantomime.

"I never try to impose on the stars. I direct my vision of how a part should be played. First I let them interpret a scene as they themselves think it should be portrayed. They act the scene out without interruption. This is called walking through a scene. Then changes are made if necessary.

"And yet—directing is compromise. The director has her own vision of just exactly how everything should be done. Ideally the director is like the conductor of an orchestra and all the players work in perfect harmony.

"I've been told that there is a good deal of jealousy on the movie lots but I have never seen it. I have never looked for it."

We talked next about the pictures which Dorothy Arzner herself has directed. She criticized them as impersonally as though they were completely the work of another person.

" 'The Wild Party' was a poor picture. The sound apparatus at the time was very unsatisfactory. We had to take the same scenes over and over and over again. Now Clara Bow works best when she works spontaneously. When four o'clock in the afternoon came and she was limp from doing the same thing over a dozen times, you can imagine what happened.

" 'Sarah and Son' was a good picture," she said, "but there wasn't anything wonderful about it. The end was badly motivated.

"If I were doing the thing over the way it should be done, I'd try to find some better explanation of why the boy knew his own mother as soon as he awoke to consciousness.

"I knew it would go over all right because people were terribly anxious to see those two get together and didn't care how it was done. But the end comes almost too quickly. If I were doing it over and doing it right, I'd develop better water scenes and make the ending more plausible."

Dorothy Arzner has even less affection for "Anybody's Woman", though she admits liking the character of the burlesque queen played by Ruth Chatterton. "But the story was not developed well. I never cared for it from the beginning.

"Players sometimes complain of the poor parts that are given to them. That's nonsense. Players draw toward themselves exactly the parts that represent the kind of thing that they have become in pictures. Poor parts gravitate toward poor players. If a part is poor, it is because a player has made it poor. A player can make anything out of his part that is in himself. A director cannot draw anything out of a player that is not in him. Some directors are merely better than others at drawing out certain potential abilities that are in the stars they direct."

THOUGH she did not, of course, say so, Dorothy Arzner is the kind of director who can get the most out of a player. Since Clara Bow has been directed by others, her star seems to be setting. Miss Arzner, even in "The Wild Party", brought out the pathos that is in Clara.

Miss Arzner, nevertheless, will not attempt to explain why she has been so successful as a director, when every other woman who has tried to direct, with the possible exception of Lois Weber, who is now out of pictures, has been a flop. But it is the writer's opinion that Miss Arzner has clicked where the others have failed because she possesses a combination of shrewdness and imagination to a degree not yet attained by any other woman who has ever penetrated behind the scenes in the picture world.

HOLLYWOOD LOVE

THE best of the Hollywood Insider's true love stories will appear in the March SILVER SCREEN—the story of a girl who loved wisely and well. Watch for it.

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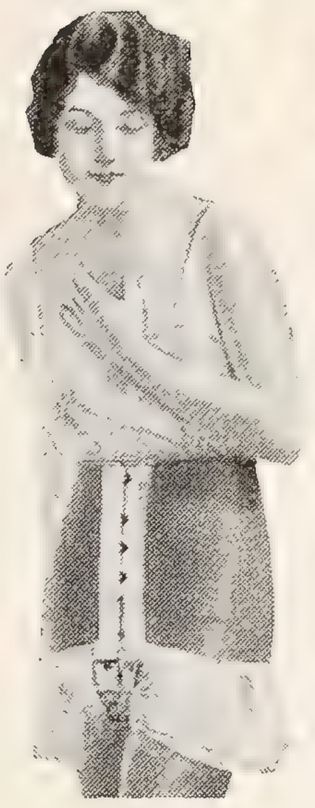

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The Hollywood Venus

[*Continued from page* 31]

HOLLYWOOD VENUS		ORIGINAL VENUS	
Height	5′4″	Height	5′4″
Weight	115 lbs.	Weight	135 lbs.
Bust	33¾″	Bust	34¾″
Hips	35½″	Hips	37½″
Calf	12½″	Calf	13½″
Ankle	7½″	Ankle	8″

The list, of course, contained some startling contrasts. It included tall svelte Kay Francis, who topped the others with her 5′7″. In spite of her height, however, Kay's bust and hips are close to the ideal, measuring 33 and 35. Then there were tiny Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Lee, the former 5 feet and the latter 5′1″ and both weighing only 98 pounds. And Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, both distinctly different in type from the average screen beauty, taller and heavier and built along more generous lines.

The Venus de Milo, you'll remember, had what we might call womanly hips. They measured three inches more than her chest. But on our list of modern Venuses we find several whose hips measure the same—or within an inch—of their busts—the boyish type of figure. Among these are Joan Crawford, Lila Lee, Lola Lane, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Marilyn Miller, Sharon Lynn, Dixie Lee, Marion Davies, Carole Lombard.

Out of our list of thirty-six the measurements of beautiful, blonde Constance Bennett most closely approximate those of the composite Venus. Connie doesn't deviate more than half an inch from any of the measurements—*but*—she weighs only 98 pounds. Put on ten or fifteen pounds, Connie, and you'll be a strong contender for the throne of the new Olympus. Helen Twelvetrees and Sue Carol run close to the ideal, but both have a little too much girth around the legs. Dorothy Mackaill is another who almost meets the requirements—just a little tall and the tape measure stretches a little too far around the chest and calves. Nancy Carroll loses out on hips and calves.

ON the whole we'd give the laurel wreath to Joan Crawford. Joan's height is exactly that of Venus. And her weight is only 5 pounds below the mark—110 versus Constance Bennett's 98. Her ankle 7½ and her calf 12—the same as la Bennett's and very close to the new Venus, as you can see. Now Joan has an unusual figure in that her bust and hip measurements—both 37—sound alarming. However, in reality it is her unusually broad back and shoulders which add the extra inches to the chest. She has a small waist—24½—and the symmetry of bust and hips gives her a boyish straightness. A beautifully proportioned figure and as lovely a pair of legs as you will find anywhere.

Now perhaps you'd like to know how they do it. What is the secret of keeping a gorgeous figure once it has been achieved? No one in Hollywood works more zealously to preserve a perfect shape than Joan Crawford. Joan used to be a little on the side of plumpness and she has no intention of being that way again. She uses all the known methods—diet, exercise and massage—to keep her weight down and her contours perfect.

She hasn't touched bread, butter or potatoes in 4½ years! And that, believe you us, takes courage. And she never eats breakfast. When she first gets up she has a big glass of water. Then, just before she goes on the set she has a cup of very hot coffee but she only takes a sip or two. For luncheon she usually eats a salad and bran in some form. One of her favorite salads is a raw carrot salad with cottage cheese and French dressing. She also likes hearts of lettuce with French dressing flavored with roquefort cheese. Or 4 slices of canned pineapple with a tiny bit of cottage cheese and French dressing. She never has any liquid with her luncheon except when she has a cup of strained chicken broth. Then she eats nothing else except the broth. While she is on the set she likes to munch on a big hard green apple or a good solid orange.

That keeps her from getting hungry, and is healthful and non-fattening.

JOAN takes frequent massages—especially when working. They relax her and also reduce any part of her that has taken on weight. She does not go in for the exceedingly strenuous type of massage, however, relying rather on dancing, tennis and swimming to keep her slim—and above all work. No girl who works as hard and as continually as Joan Crawford has to worry much about fat.

For dinner Joan eats anything she wants—with the exception of those dreaded bugbears, bread, butter and potatoes. She eats meat only once a day—with her dinner. Besides this she has vegetables, salad and thinning desserts.

Not many of the film stars are as consistent in their dieting as Joan, but most of them watch their food carefully. Lola Lane swears by fruit juices and vegetables. She avoids heavy foods and when on a picture goes on a liquid diet of fruit juices, thin soups and celery. Once a week she indulges herself in a heavy dinner with all the trimmings, including potatoes. And she always drinks a glass of lemon juice before lunch and dinner because it shrinks the tummy. Evelyn Brent lives on vegetables and fruits when she is working. Fish and fowl are included—but no meat. Between pictures Evelyn eats sparingly at morning and night and has her heaviest meal at noonday. She never uses cream, sugar or butter and rarely indulges in bread or potatoes. Leila Hyams and Anita Page follow no rigid diet, but eat moderately and avoid desserts. Marion Davies and Sue Carol do the same. Dorothy Mackaill eats a light luncheon and a good husky dinner—but avoids rich foods like the plague. Carole Lombard sticks to cooked vegetables, broiled meat and fish, and avoids starches. Mary Brian cuts out pastry and Marlene Dietrich stays away from bread and sweets. Garbo eats everything.

Bebe Daniels has a sensible point of view. She thinks that dieting is risky and prefers to keep down her weight and keep fit by exercise. Bebe's figure is one of the most enviable in Hollywood, so her system must work.

Most of the Hollywood Venuses rely on exercise to keep them svelte. Swimming is the favorite sport in sunny southern California—where all sports are delightful and easy of access. Joan Crawford, Dorothy Mackaill, Garbo, Marion Davies, Anita Page, Jean Arthur, Rita LaRoy and Leila Hyams all swear by it. Ten out of our list of 36, name riding as one of the best methods of enjoying oneself and keeping thin. Among them are Garbo, Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur and Mary Brian. Joan Crawford, Lola Lane, Sue Carol, Dorothy Lee, Marion Davies, Leila Hyams and Garbo all play tennis as often as possible. (Garbo, you'll observe, may eat everything in sight, but takes more consistent and strenuous exercise than almost any other woman in films). Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Marilyn Miller, Marion Davies and Evelyn Knapp go in for dancing in a big way. Professional dancers like Marilyn often find that they need no other form of reducing. Loretta Young, Claudia Dell and Frances Dee do setting-up exercises religiously. It's not so much fun, but it does the work. Rita LaRoy and Anita Page are the only two to advocate golf—and they are neither of them among the slimmest of our sirens. Golf is a little too leisurely for the girls who are determined to see the pounds melt away quickly. Garbo, Evelyn Knapp, Lola Lane and Dorothy Lee are firm exponents of brisk walking as an aid to a graceful figure.

SOME of the girls favor massage as an aid to or a substitute for exercise. Joan, we've already mentioned. Carole Lombard, Ann Harding, Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer have all felt Sylvia's educated and merciless fingers with excellent results.

So if your mirror displays the hefty hips and womanly bust of the Venus de Milo instead of the streamlines of the new Hollywood Venus you'd better get out that old motheaten bathing suit and tennis racket and put a padlock on the icebox. Get out your tape measure and see how close you come to those 1931 measurements. Maybe sheer envy will melt off a few pounds!

By Request

LEW AYRES won the most votes in SILVER SCREEN'S call for "request interviews" and so, all for being obliging, SILVER SCREEN in this issue starts Lew's life story. For news of your favorite, write in, stating whom you'd like stories about and we'll do the rest.

Chicken, Southern Style

[*Continued from page* 34]

to give in," she explained. "I think they said I could go to New York so that they could get a little rest."

So the little miss from Dixie came up to New York and enrolled at Sargent Academy of Dramatic Arts. She was told that dramatic roles were her particular forte, but she also studied singing and dancing. When she accepted her first job in the chorus at the Capitol Theatre her instructors were horrified.

"Well, anyway," Dorothy told them, "chorus girls get paid and they seem to eat regularly."

She continued to get paid. She drew a weekly salary check for a one-two-three-kick, in the chorus of "The Garrick Gaieties," and "Twinkle Twinkle". In "Funny Face" she had a chance to step out of the chorus and do a bit and in "Treasure Girl" she had a better opportunity. However, "Treasure Girl" was not long for this world. One night it folded its tent and silently stole away.

By that time the great revolution was on in Hollywood. The infant screen had grown up overnight. It was talking. Producers were scurrying about New York with wild eyes and hair standing on end. Almost anyone who knew the difference between a proscenium arch and the head usher was shipped immediately to Hollywood. Dorothy was discovered by a Fox scout and given a ticket to the Coast.

Her debut in the canned drama was not too conspicuous. No one actually lighted bonfires on the housetops. She played in something pretty harrowing called "Black Magic". However, it was appreciated in one place, anyway. Clarksville, Tennessee, proclaimed its faith in its favorite daughter by hoisting twenty-four sheets all over town announcing, "Dorothy Jordan in 'Black Magic'". Just as some months later Ramon Novarro's starring picture was billed all over town as "Dorothy Jordan in 'Devil May Care'," with Ramon Novarro in small type some several lines below.

By that time a new shipment of theatrical hopefuls had arrived on the Fox lot. Dorothy took her makeup box and moved over to United Artists for the role of Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew". Most of Dorothy was on the cutting-room floor when the picture was finally released. But it was good experience:

"I had a good many weeks on that picture," she said. "It came at a very good time. I learned to accustom myself to the camera. I began to feel at home in the atmosphere of the studio. When I wasn't working I watched Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in their scenes. I learned a great deal. They were very nice to me, too, in the matter of publicity. That, also, was valuable at the time."

From United Artists she went to M-G-M, one of those beautiful contract things—five years with nice raises in salary.

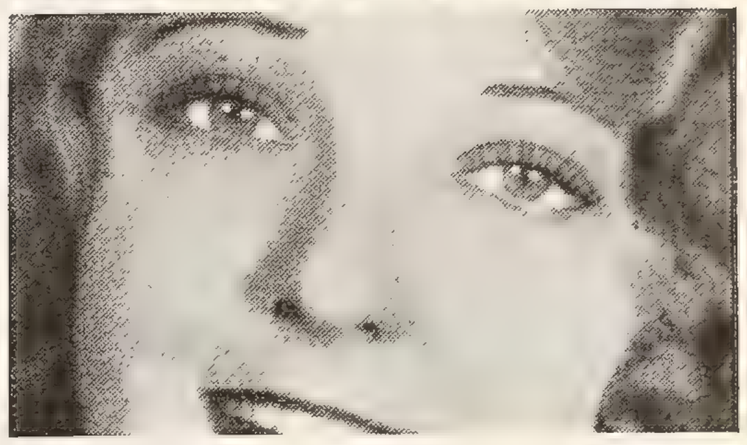
That career of hers is a serious matter. She doesn't go around to night clubs and Hollywood parties. In fact she goes out very little. Fancy a Southern beauty without lots of beaux. There are plenty of boys who would gladly contribute their services but she doesn't have time. Of course, there *is* that handsome young aviator who sends her orchids every day. But on the whole, she's too busy with her singing lessons and her studies.

While she was making "In Gay Madrid", Dorothy's father died. Production was held up to allow her to go to Clarksville for the funeral and when she returned to Hollywood, her mother came with her. They live in a pleasant house at one of the beaches, Playa del Rey. Dorothy's younger sister is attending a women's college in Claremont, about forty miles from Los Angeles, and can come home for weekends.

She's one of the tiniest leading women in pictures—only five-feet-two, and she weighs exactly 98 pounds. Her eyes are gray. Oh, an awfully nice shade of gray. And you should hear her when she forgets herself and talks purest Tennessee. It's enough to make you buy a one-way ticket to Dixie.

Remember the days when a star was delighted to have a canvas stool to sit on? And now look—here's Marion Davies reclining at ease on the set with nothing to do but learn her part, look beautiful and act like a genius. Ho, hum

NAME THESE MOVIE EYES!



They're hazel and belong to a beautiful First National Pictures star who once adorned Ziegfeld's stage shows. She's 5 ft., 5 in. tall, weighs 112 pounds and has blonde hair. Name below*

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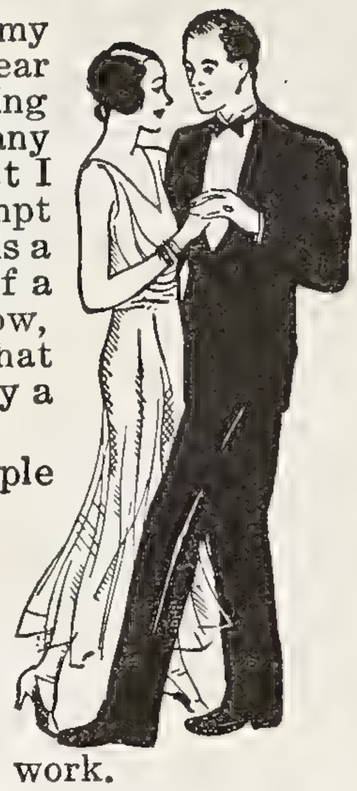

"Now that I am rid of my rupture and do not wear a truss, I enjoy dancing again. There are many things I now do that I could not even attempt before, also my work is a pleasure instead of a task. To look at me now, no one would believe that I ever was crippled by a rupture."

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Very Brief Reviews

You'll find them in the March SILVER SCREEN, in addition to our regular Reviewing Stand. These will be reviews of pictures already covered at length in these pages, and now reduced to a sentence that tells you whether or not we advise you seeing them. Read SILVER SCREEN's reviews and learn how to spend your movie money.

If I Had My Life to Live Over Again

[*Continued from page* 29]

"Those who get most things and do most things, we call successful. Those who get the fewest things and do the fewest things, we call failures. Naturally, if anyone spends his whole life going after something without ever getting it, he is a failure. But the first people aren't such successes. The truest success, to my mind, is that rare bird who sits down and honestly decides what he wants to do with his life, what he wants to possess . . . who isn't hoodwinked into a false superficial existence.

"The worst part of it all," Norma went on earnestly, "is that it isn't only in material things that we are like this. When I think of the places I've gone because they were the places one was supposed to go.

"WHY, I've actually given up walking through the thick pine woods at Juan les-Pins to get all dressed-up for a stupid luncheon when I was leaving in just a few days and it might be years before I'd feel the velvet softness of those needles under my feet again or know the hush of that lovely place.

"What if it was considered a great social function, that luncheon. I should have realized I would be happier in the pine woods and stayed there.

"I hope if I had my life to live over again that I wouldn't want to do things that defied society. I appreciate the fact that with so many of us living together on this old planet that it's up to everyone of us to stick to the rules of the game. Otherwise, life would undoubtedly become impossible.

"I'd keep that wise old warning of Emerson's hanging over my bed . . . over my desk . . . in my kitchen if I were a housewife, or in my dressing-room if I were in pictures—'Be careful what you set your heart on for you will surely get it'."

The telephone rang. The first guests were announced from downstairs. Ethel, the maid, came in with a velvet case containing Norma's famous emeralds.

"Will you wear these tonight, Miss Norma?" she asked, "with the black gown?"

Norma nodded. Then she turned to me with a dreamy smile.

"They remind me," she said, "of when I was sixteen and very poor. I thought how wonderful it would be to go out at night to the smart places, in a very sophisticated black gown, with emeralds on my fingers. After I'd achieved them, I discovered there were things I wanted more. Vacations in Africa, for instance . . . lazy mornings like those I had last month in an old Spanish garden originally planted by the Moors, a garden that was up on the Alhambra Hill and from which I looked down on sleepy Granada . . . months at my beach house . . . time to read funny books about astrology, because I am impressed with the idea that the stars influence our destinies. And the long holidays this sort of thing demand mean fewer pictures and less income.

"I DO think I've taken a stride in the right direction, in taking more leisure at the sacrifice of having less money. I'm accepting simpler emotional values, friendships and such. It's all very pleasant . . . But I'll never be able to attain the life I hope I would attain if I had it all to do over again.

"Oh, wouldn't it be grand to go back to sixteen with the knowledge it has taken me thirty-odd years to acquire . . .with the blinders off my eyes . . . knowing myself so much better as a human being that I'd know the kind of life that would make me happiest regardless of what the world might think . . . convinced that the only really important thing is to do what you want to do when you want to do it, provided you never hurt anyone any more than you can help."

How would you like to go traveling—stage coach, antique railroad or modern locomotive? In making "Danger Lights" they got all three types of go-get-theres on the lot at once, just for the fun of it.

Success and Charles Farrell

[*Continued from page* 35]

the all-consuming, was the first thing to change Charles Farrell.

Romance changed him, too. For a long time Charlie and Janet have been eyed by the curious and asked by the more bold if they were in love. Janet's marriage, instead of dispelling the rumors, only intensified the interest. Those who know them best have said that the two have never been in love with each other at the same time. There must have been a time when Charlie loved Janet. There must have been a time when Janet loved Charlie. No one knows what thoughts were in Charlie's mind when Janet married young Lydell Peck of San Francisco. At least their friendship is unchanged. Their professional careers continue to be parallel roads. Charlie's most successful pictures have been with Janet. His love scenes with Rose Hobart in "Liliom" did not convince. They might have had Janet been the fragile little heroine. No one in the world was more delighted than Charlie when Janet returned to the Fox fold.

So romance, too, has brought a change in him. At least his manner has become much more mature in the last year or two. It is as if he had put play-times behind him. He works harder than ever, now.

It has been frequently reported that he would wed Virginia Valli, but there has never been an authentic engagement announcement. Virginia, with her calm poise, her air of the woman of the world, naturally appeals to him. They have been the best of friends and Charlie has learned to value the friendship of a woman.

Once he said: "Virginia has kept me from many pitfalls that I might have stumbled into."

After a long stay in New York Virginia is returning to Hollywood. The engagement rumors, of course, will be renewed. Newspapers must print something on dull days. But Charlie is growing into a pretty confirmed bachelor. He's approaching thirty. Women may regard that as the most fascinating time in life for a man, but he is also more difficult to snare then.

His bachelorhood is a pleasant thing. He owns a picturesque Cape Cod cottage on the shores of a little lake near Hollywood. He had to have a special permit to build a house of this type in a neighborhood where Spanish architecture abounds, but he wanted a home that would echo the atmosphere of his boyhood. His mother lives with him. Last year she came out to spend the Christmas holidays and Charlie wouldn't let her go back. She understands him better than anyone else in the world. Not many people realize that Charlie is tremendously sensitive. New England reserve prevents him from showing that side of his nature to the public. His mother understands.

Almost any evening, while he is working, you will find Charlie at home. When he returns from the studio he takes a steam bath in his really quite elaborate steam room he has fitted adjoining his bedroom. After dinner he likes to put on pajamas and a dressing-gown, and throw himself full length on the floor in front of the fireplace in the living-room. He enjoys reading but usually he must study lines for the next day. He does not memorize too rapidly but he makes a thorough job of it.

Every morning, bright and early, he rows on the lake. When he has time he takes a sun bath. He likes to have breakfast with his mother on his little porch.

There are many, many acquaintances in the life of this handsome young bachelor. Every one in Hollywood likes him but he has few close friends. The Arlens, Richard and Jobyna, are neighbors and old friends. Dick and Charlie were pals in their extra days and it was Charlie who introduced Dick to Jobyna. However, his best friend is perhaps Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. When he built his house he added an extra-room—"Guinn's room".

There have been a good many girl friends, too. Charlie has been seen many times with Carmelita Geraghty. Carmelita plays a fine game of tennis and golf. She dances well and above all, she is intelligent. Not long ago Charlie took Anita Page to Buddy Rogers' party. At the opening of "The Big Trail", at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Julanne Johnstone was the lady of his choice. And he has taken out Mary Duncan and Lois Moran.

He says he likes girls who can play tennis and golf; who like to dance without making a life-work of it; who can discuss books; that don't get too sentimental. Strange, that last, for Charles Farrell is a sentimentalist if ever there were one. He does not like girls who make a determined effort to parade their education.

His greatest joy and pride is his forty-foot yawl, "Flying Cloud". That's Cape Cod coming to the fore again. Whenever he has time away from the studio he goes cruising along the southern coast. Sometimes he goes alone with only the man he keeps on his boat. Then he doesn't have to speak a word if he doesn't wish. Kenneth MacKenna, another yachting enthusiast, frequently goes along. Occasionally Janet and Lydell Peck go on a cruise with him. The three are the best of friends. Charlie is frequently a dinner guest in the home of the Pecks. They would go out together more often but it results in too much talk.

When he drives around Hollywood he takes his Ford. He prefers that to his Packard. Long after his meteoric success in "Seventh Heaven" he continued to drive the disreputable flivver of his extra days. It couldn't have been worth fifty dollars except as a museum piece.

There is no doubt that Charlie is a well-to-do young man. He has the thrifty nature of the New Englander. His home is all paid for, and he has invested shrewdly. There is nothing of the spendthrift about him but neither is he "close". When he buys, he buys the best. He patronizes one of the best tailors in Hollywood, although he cares very little for clothes.

Four years of fame in Hollywood have not left Charlie unchanged. He has grown mentally and professionally. However, Charlie's fans must have grown with him. They are more loyal than ever.

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WHAT DOES THEIR HANDWRITING REVEAL?

Dorothy Emerson, who wrote that brilliant story on What the Stars Forecast for the Stars in January SILVER SCREEN, will be in our March issue with an article that analyzes the handwriting of the most popular stars. Perhaps you write like your favorite! Watch and see—in March SILVER SCREEN, on sale February 10th.

The Final Fling

Elissa Landi

Grace Moore

LIFE can be grand. This month I've had three unexpected pleasures. I've met an unknown who I think, given a fair break, is going to be somebody of importance. I've conquered a strong aversion, or had it conquered for me. And I've seen a feature film which made me keener than ever about talkies.

The unknown was Elissa Landi, a strangely beautiful girl, part Venetian, part English, now under contract to Fox. I talked to her just five minutes at one of those crowded press teas but even that short time was enough to persuade me of her intelligence, her passionate absorbtion in her art and her very real sensitiveness.

She has had only one part in America, the heroine in the stage version of "A Farewell to Arms", a failure of the early Broadway season. But even in a play that lasted only a few nights, she was a sensation. It remains to be seen what Hollywood will do with her.

Anyway, it's exciting meeting newcomers at the starts of their careers, hoping they'll live up to their promise. This girl, incidentally, can not only read but write. She's author of two novels, both published in England, where they're fussy about books.

The aversion was Grace Moore. For no reason I had the most violent prejudice against her. I didn't even like her photographs when they came into my office. That was until I saw "Jenny Lind" or "A Lady's Morals", as M-G-M will persist in calling it.

Well, after seeing Miss Moore in that picture, I take off my best winter hat to her. I'll even give her the darned thing if she wants it. Coming out of the spoiled darling atmosphere of the opera, she has come forth simple, direct and perfectly lovely. There is a freshness about her, like the first lilacs of early spring. She's a new type to talkies, and I hope she makes more of them.

The movie was "Sin Takes a Holiday". Nothing epic about it, no 25,000 horses or 35,000 cows. No battle-scenes, no big stuff. It is just entertainment, a movie with an amusing and at times touching story, smart dialogue and comedy playing by Constance Bennett, Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone—in fact, the whole cast—that would make the average Broadway production look gaga.

The argument has always been that only the speaking stage could do light, sophisticated comedy, that only stage actors could play it. People who still believe that had better go to "Sin Takes a Holiday" and give a look. They might also remember that audiences in most cities throughout the country will see this for about thirty-five cents a ticket, where a similar stage play would cost at least three-fifty, or ten times that. All of which may be a slight answer to "What's Wrong With the Theatre".

A kind reader writes in to say that SILVER SCREEN is a friendly magazine and murmurs that we actually seem to like Hollywood and the stars. Lady, we thank you. SILVER SCREEN would rather be called friendly than any thing else in the world. Will you, or any other reader, call upon us if we can serve you in any way?

As for liking Hollywood and the stars, we're for the whole movie world, from stars to supervisors, and if that makes us just one of twenty million movie fans, we think we're in grand company.

Ruth Waterbury.

EDITOR.

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*

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FASHION'S NEW NOTE

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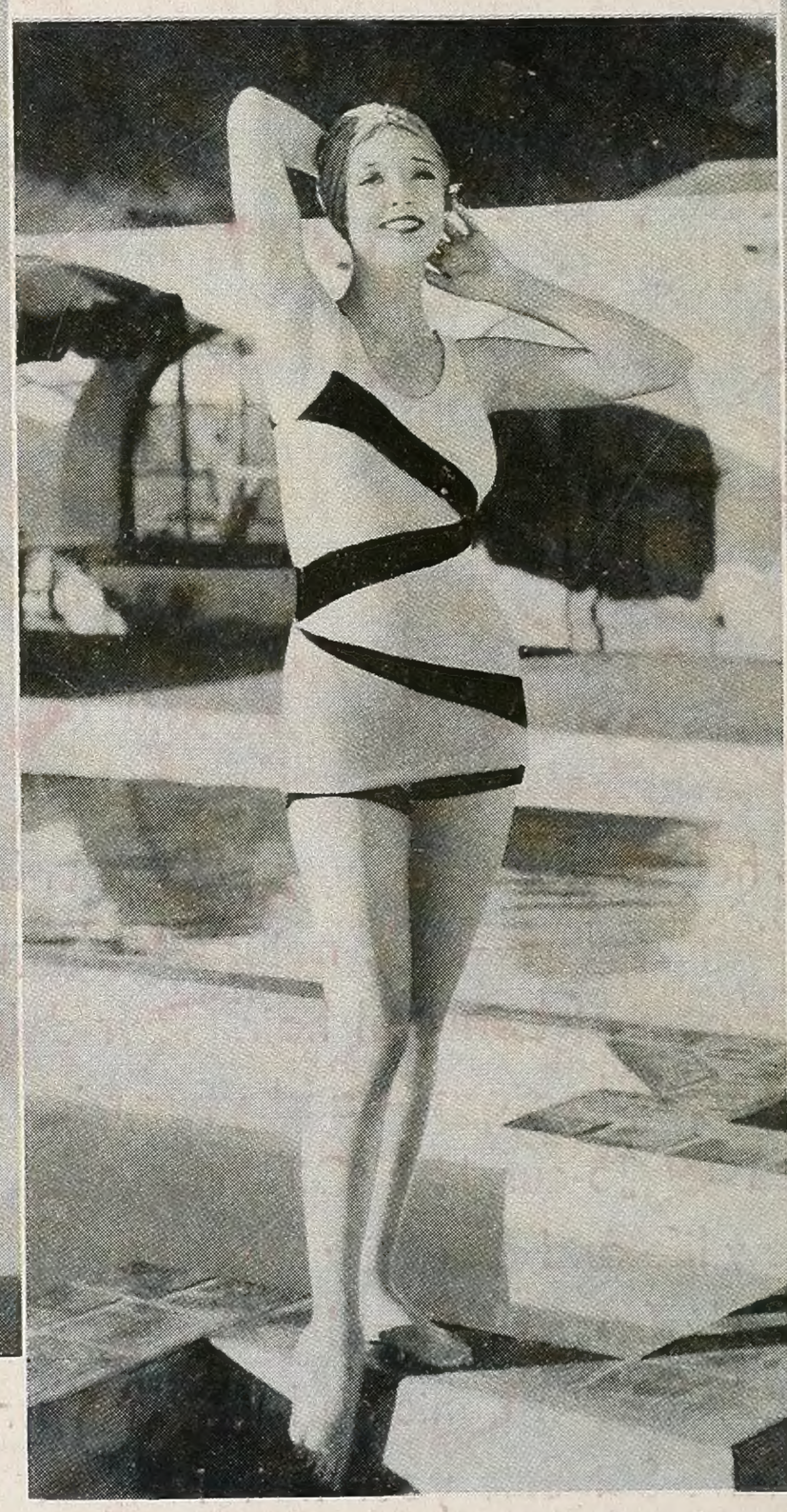

DAME FASHION has created flattering styles for the modern girl. Each dress has become a subtle revelation of gracefully rounded curves. Gowns swirl, cling—and suggest the figure they adorn.

Yet, as always, Fashion smiles upon some, frowns upon others. Those whose contours are a little too full must diet . . . or fail to achieve distinction in these entrancing new clothes.

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